Chronicles

February 2000 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95

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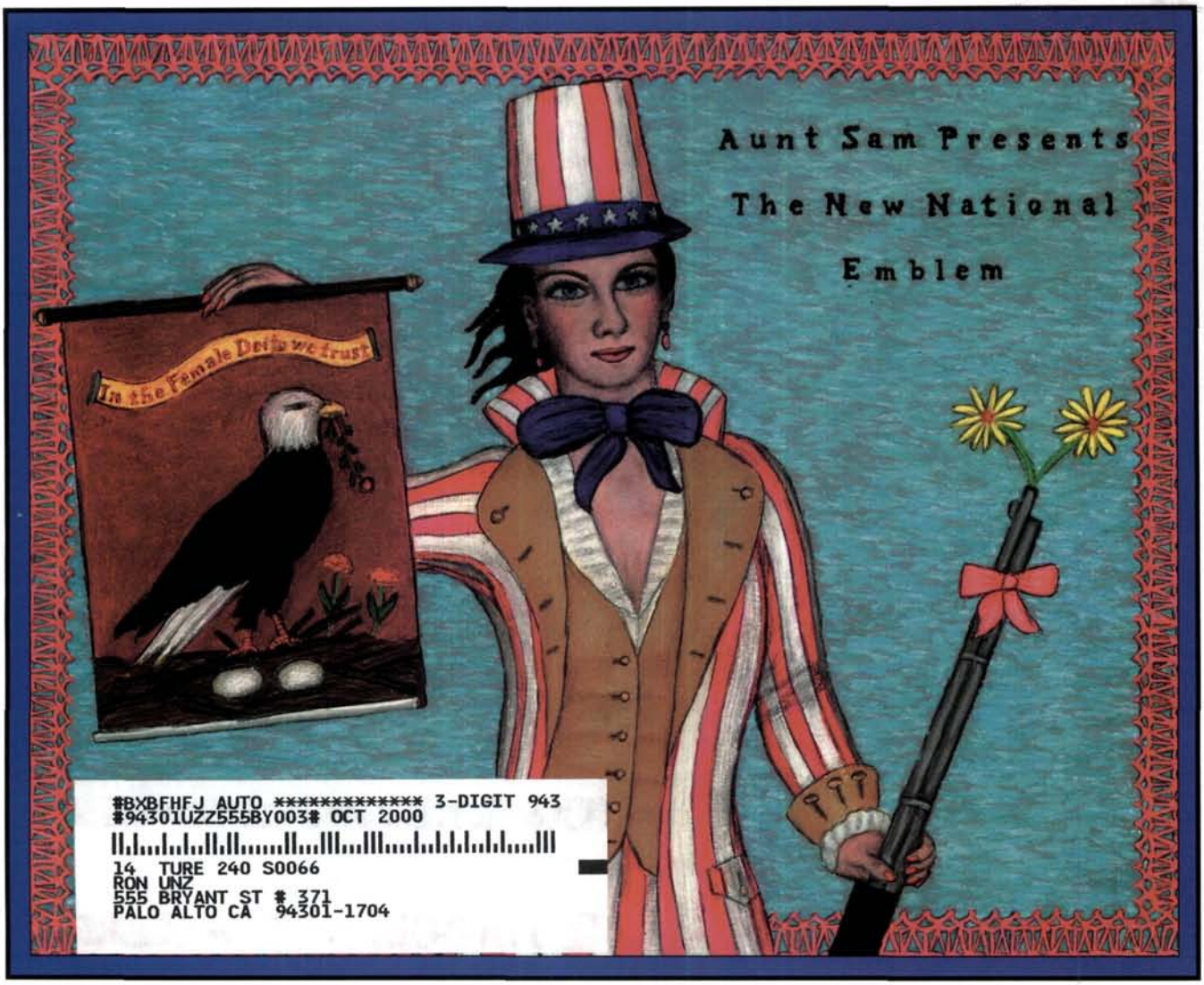

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On NAFTA and Detroit

In "Downsizing Detroit: Motown's Lament" (*Views*, November), Greg Kaza provides an insight into the bleak future for unskilled workers in one American city. Unskilled workers in many other American cities face that same future. The problems of the inner city, however, can only be worsened by restricting trade or by creating government-sponsored "Renaissance Zones."

Rather than being caused by free trade, Detroit's problems were actually the result of tariffs and quotas. The Big Three automakers churned out increasingly inferior products during the 1970's and early 80's while enjoying a protected market. Consumers became fed up and searched for quality, finding it in Japanese and European imports. With a relaxation in import duties came competition that Detroit was not used to facing. The Big Three had to shape up or lose the market. Today, American companies are again building quality cars. Can anyone doubt that the revitalization of the industry is a result of competition from abroad? There is no better incentive than the potential loss of a substantial market share.

Still, those who have been displaced in this process present a very real problem. But the key to improving their situation is to allow markets to work rather than creating welfare disincentives to relocate or retrain. "Renaissance Zones" or "enterprise zones" at best redistribute income from one set of individuals, the taxpayers, to another set of individuals, the politically connected, while government takes a hefty broker's fee. The only people who are "empowered" are government employees who hand out favors at public expense while patting themselves on the back for "solving" inner-city problems.

Unskilled workers face a bleak future in the inner city because of a lack of sufficient capital investment due to oppressive local government taxes and regulations. Look around any metropolitan area, and you will see government agencies sprout up virtually overnight. There is a local regulatory board for practically every activity under the sun. The government crowds out private investment, and that which isn't crowded out is often regulated out of existence. Through their micro-management of the local economy, these local NAFTA-like agencies stifle the economic life of every American city. Since the unskilled are usually the last hired and the first fired, they feel the brunt of it.

"Motown's Lament" is heard by unskilled workers across America. Their economic future will brighten only when the welfare-regulatory schemes of government are dismantled and private capital formation and trade are allowed to flourish.

—*Dan Winterrowd*
Pilot Hill, CA

Mr. Kaza Replies:

Mr. Winterrowd stood for Congress in California in 1998 on the Libertarian Party ticket. Libertarians are skeptical of tax-free "enterprise" or "Renaissance" zones. But interestingly, their platform advocates "complete and unilateral withdrawal from all international trade agreements including the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT) and the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA)." They also oppose right-to-work laws.

The Libertarians propose radical economic deregulation, including abolition of all licensing and zoning laws and repeal of the minimum wage to create capital investment and job growth in depressed urban areas. Good luck, Mr. Winterrowd, getting such a program through a legislative body. Mr. Winterrowd received three percent of the vote in his congressional bid. Real-world politics is the art of the possible.

The Libertarian argument, applied to Detroit's automobile industry, is generally more sophisticated than the one presented here by Mr. Winterrowd. The Libertarians contend that the Japanese essentially received a cross-subsidy, courtesy of the U.S. taxpayer, in the post-World War II era. The U.S. government defended Japan, placing it under its nuclear umbrella, while spending up to six percent of our Gross National Product on national defense. By contrast, the Japanese spent a mere one percent on defense, which allowed them to invest capital at a higher rate into domestic industries such as auto and steel. By the late

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1970's, this cross-subsidy contributed to the emergence of Japanese auto companies which could successfully compete with Detroit. Twenty years ago, the sophisticated Libertarians used this line of reasoning to advocate massive cuts in U.S. defense spending. The cleverest Libertarians have always focused on "war as the health of the state," and have applied their critique to the impact that U.S. foreign policy has had on the domestic economy. One example: The inflation generated by the Vietnam War distorted prices and capital investment in the American manufacturing sector up through the early 1980's, when deflation occurred.

Mr. Winterrowd is correct to note "the bleak future" faced by "unskilled workers" in cities like Detroit. But his argument that "the Big Three automakers churned out increasingly inferior products during the 1970's and early 80's" is less convincing. Take one product: the internal combustion engine. Vice President Al Gore may attack it, but the internal combustion engine is truly one of the great entrepreneurial achievements of the 20th century. The slant-six, built by Chrysler in metro Detroit during the period referred to by Mr. Winterrowd, is perhaps the greatest engine ever mass-produced by the American auto industry. Even the most virulent free trader who ignores the underlying cause of Detroit's demise would be hard-pressed to cite one Japanese engine matching the slant-six.

On the Other Lindbergh

I was pleased to see the article in the November *Chronicles* by Justin Raimondo on Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr. Lindbergh stands with William Jennings Bryan and Louis McFadden, who also made control of the money supply by private interests an issue in public debate. Bryan, Lindbergh, and McFadden are all swept under the rug by conventional economists, who prefer their pretty theories to the reality of money as an instrument of power for which men conspire, often by foul means, the same as men conspire, often by foul means, to elect presidents or to control armies.

Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, John Calhoun, Alexander Del Mar, Pope Pius XI, and Murray Rothbard all knew about the conspiratorial reality of money. But our contemporary academics, with their heads in the clouds, still preach that money is a "technical" and "complicated" subject, much too arcane for a public discussion about its role in the orchestration of war, famine, genocide, destruction of cultures and nations, political correctness, and the New World Order to make a few rich and powerful.

Raimondo's article mentions two of Lindbergh's books, *Why Your Country Is at War* and *The Economic Pinch*, but omits reference to his greatest work, *Banking and Currency and the Money Trust*, published as a polemic against the Federal Reserve Act of 1913. In this latter work, Lindbergh struggled without much success to state a coherent theory of paper money, but then explained the origins of the American Civil War: It was, he said, cunningly induced by domestic and international financiers to run up a huge national debt, represented by bonds which were monetized by legislation to finance the war; the design of this legislation gave them control over banking and currency in the United States, under their central reserve banks on Wall Street. The banking cartel on Wall Street was legalized in the Federal Reserve Act over Lindbergh's heroic opposition. Lindbergh's insights are neatly verified by statues on banking and currency from 1863 to 1913, and touch the main reality of American politics since Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

—John Remington Graham
St-Agapit, Quebec

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

CULTURAL GENOCIDE is a legal term sometimes used to describe the planned destruction of an ethnic or religious identity. The English, in solidifying control over their islands, did their best to obliterate the historical memory of Scottish Highlanders and Irish Catholics, and the national socialists of Bill Clinton's party are doing the same thing here in the United States, not only to Southerners, whose symbols, songs, and heroes are banned in public places, but also to the whole European cultural identity whose literature and traditions are being eliminated under the guise of multiculturalism.

Most classic writers, like Shakespeare and Milton, are not banned but simply ignored. However, certain books—*Huckleberry Finn*, for example—are under direct attack. Recently, PBS aired a program, produced by WGBH (Boston), to justify the elimination of Mark Twain's masterpiece from America's memory simply because liberals do not like to be reminded that many African-Americans were (and are) fond of calling each other "nigger." Twain was in many ways a detestable character—a perennial village atheist, provincial boor, and (as a Confederate deserter) traitor to his people—but his Jim is the first—and best—sympathetic portrayal of an American Negro. *Huckleberry Finn* may turn out to be *the* American classic, if only because of its themes: the tragedy of racial misunderstanding, the lure of the frontier, the search for innocence, the poison of a Puritan morality that convinces Huck he is going to hell if he refuses to betray his friend. A healthy America could survive the loss of this one novel, but this is not a healthy country: We lose Huck and Jim, and we lose ourselves.

European-Americans should not think they are being singled out. During the war over Kosovo, we argued repeatedly that Christian Serbs violated the creed of the Clinton administration, a creed shared by the world-controllers at the Imperial Acronyms—WTO, NATO, U.N. "History is bunk," they are saying, and so are historic nations and religions. Whenever I made this argument in a speech, many opponents of the NATO bombing accused me of paranoia: People on so low an evolutionary level as the Jamies and their bosses are not scrupulous enough to have an agenda, I was told, and all they want are the usual simian necessities of sex, money to buy sex, and power to force sex. The destruction of 500-year-old monasteries in Kosovo is simply an accident to be regretted only by people foolish enough to care about religion and art.

The U.N. world-controllers in Bosnia, however, recently made my point for me when they ordered Serbian schools in the Republika Srpska to eliminate offensive texts from their schoolbooks. The proscribed lists included old folk poems de-

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scribing Serbian resistance to the brutal Turkish occupation; the World War I song "*Tamo daleko*," which reminds the French and British of how they betrayed their Serbian allies and left them to die in their disastrous retreat to Corfu; and Ivo Andric's masterpiece, *The Bridge on the Drina*.

Andric won the Nobel Prize largely on the strength of this book, which paints a sympathetic portrait of Bosnian Muslims in the period when the Turks were losing their empire. But sympathy and humanity are beside the point. The mere fact that Andric portrays Muslims as Muslims (or that Jim is black) is enough for the book-burners of the "international community."

In a witty and forceful press conference, Prof. Predrag Lazarevic pointed out that the attempt to censor textbooks in Serbian-controlled Bosnia is a violation of the Dayton Agreement, and he wondered what the French response would be if the European Union banned Balzac and Stendahl from French literature courses. As Islam becomes the dominant religion of France, however, that question will be entirely irrelevant.

Not everyone, you see, is ready to trade in his god and folk ballads for a Wendy's franchise. In Kosovo, Mr. Clinton's Air Force accomplished in a few weeks what the Turks failed to do in 500 years—the destruction of an ancient Christian civilization. Some U.N. bureaucrats-in-arms, who still cannot seem to get the point of the exercise, wonder why the Albanians—very armed and dangerous—refuse to get along with the few thousand Serbs in the province they have so far failed to kill. When a U.N. detachment adopted a stray dog back in November, they decided to name him UNMIK (short for U.N. Mission in Kosovo). Sam Bolton, the U.S. officer who takes care of UNMIK, told a Canadian reporter he was surprised when Albanians "came . . . to tell the UN police they had to kill the animal because the dog was Serbian."

Although the Albanian narco-terrorists owe everything to the NATO countries who fought their dirty war for them, they have never made a secret of their desire for an ethnically pure state. If the Americans had read Mark Twain, they would not be so surprised. "If you pick up a starving dog and feed him, he will not bite you." That, said old Mark, "is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

—*Thomas Fleming*

PLYMOUTH, R.I.P. If anyone ever doubted that DaimlerChrysler is now a German-controlled corporation, the recent demise of the Plymouth brand provides incontrovertible proof. Plymouth, sold only in the United States, was the inexpensive core brand of Detroit's Chrysler Corporation, America's third-largest automaker in the post-World War II era. Introduced on the eve of the Great Depression in 1928, Plymouth was a crucial part of founder Walter P. Chrysler's plan to offer economy cars to compete against Henry Ford's Model A and General Motors' Chevrolet brand. The plan succeeded: Within three years, Plymouth was the third-best selling car in the nation.

"This was an emotional decision," Jim Holden, the newly installed president of Daimler's North American operations, explained at a Las Vegas trade show on November 4. "Plymouth will always be an important part of our heritage." (Left unsaid was the fact that Plymouth allowed the struggling Chrysler to survive the Great Depression.) That heritage has been disappearing since Stuttgart-based Daimler purchased Chrysler in mid-1998. Announcing the deal, CEOs Juergen E. Schrempp of Daimler and Robert J. Eaton of Chrysler termed it a merger of equals. "Takeover" is a more appropriate description of what has transpired. "Co-CEO" Eaton has announced his plans to retire; management employees at Chrysler Headquarters in Auburn Hills, Michigan, are scrambling to learn German; and more than 75 percent of DaimlerChrysler's stock is now foreign-owned. At a meeting with Wall Street analysts in August, Daimler executives displayed pictures of automotive products in the manufacturing pipeline and announced their plan to use the more expensive, upscale Chrysler brand to boost *overseas* sales. When one analyst noted the absence of Plymouths, Thomas Stallkamp, then president, replied, "That's not by accident." Within months, Stallkamp was replaced by Holden because Schrempp didn't like his freewheeling American management style, according to a *Detroit News* story. Such is the "dynamic" of the new global economy.

The *Wall Street Journal* broke the news of Plymouth's demise. London's *Financial Times* did a better job of reporting than the *New York Times*, which overlooked Plymouth's economy car heritage. Quoting Holden, the *Financial Times* reported, "We will be less reliant on Plymouth as a *value* [emphasis added] brand. It doesn't mean I don't like the heritage, but our reliance is less and less on Plymouth." The *New York Times* dispatched the working man's brand in a paragraph: "The company is expected to announce tomorrow that it will drop the Plymouth brand from its stable . . . " Holden announced that Daimler will develop the better-selling Jeep, Dodge, and Chrysler brands, which, incidentally, are more expensive and provide greater profits to the firm. But a shareholder was probably closer to the truth when he wrote on an internet message board that "Plymouth failed because they [DaimlerChrysler] didn't do anything for it."

In 1964, Plymouth introduced the Barracuda, which became, along with the Roadrunner, one of the premier automobiles of the "muscle car" era. That same year, stock-car racer Richard Petty led a 1-2-3 Plymouth win at the NASCAR Daytona 500 in a Hemi-powered Plymouth Fury. (The Hemi was a Plymouth big-block engine.) The 1969 Roadrunner, with its 425 horsepower-V8 engine, was the third-fastest car of the era, covering the quarter-mile in 12.91 seconds (111.8 miles per hour), trailing only the 1966 Corvette and the 1966 Cobra. The 1970 Barracuda Hemi was the fourth-fastest car of all time. In the blue-collar suburb of Detroit where I have lived most of my life, teenage ownership of a "Cuda" or "Runner" was considered a rite of passage. No more. In the Al Gore era of trashing automobiles, the best Chrysler could offer were the wimpy Plymouth Breeze and Neon models. At the end of the muscle car era, Plymouth sold 766,442 units in 1973, its best year ever. In 1998, Plymouth sold less than half that amount—307,000 vehicles.

For a globalist, the ultimate test of any merger is whether or not it "creates shareholder value," i.e., whether the "synergies" produced by the deal cause the stock price to increase. DaimlerChrysler's stock is off 25 percent since the merger. While the percentage may appear insignificant, that represents a loss of $25 billion.

—*Greg Kaza*

TRUTH, the saying goes, is the first victim of any war, but as NATO's "action" in the Balkans has demonstrated, truth is under even greater attack in the "information age." Today, history is not written by the victors once the smoke has

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cleared, but constantly evolves; each day's truth is revealed by CNN, the ubiquitous and blabber-mouthed oracle of the New World Order.

Russia's elites, born and bred to the culture of *disinformatsiya*, have embraced NATO's concept of "information management," and their enemies have as well. While Moscow has its "Russian Information Center" (Rusinform) to filter, censor, concoct, and control the "news" from the Caucasus battlegrounds, the Chechens have—through the generous support of Osama Bin Ladin and Boris Berezovsky—organized countermeasures, particularly through their website, *www.kavkhaz.org*. Both sides have taken the "information war" seriously, with Russian hackers attacking the website and Chechen webmasters spawning a proliferation of alternate sites, even as Russian bombers target Chechen cellular communications and TV towers (as NATO did in Yugoslavia), and the Chechens hastily find new means to keep up the war of words.

Thus, in the never-never land of "pure Islam," Boris Yeltsin has been dead for weeks, Russian soldiers are flocking to the banners of Allah, Chechen *mujahedin* are slaughtering the hapless infidel invaders by the thousands, and videotapes of Chechen hostage-takers beheading captives and slicing off the fingers of helpless victims in order to persuade their relatives to cough up some cash are provocations by the unbelievers to blacken the image of the holy warriors.

On the other side of the funhouse, Rusinform's carnival barkers are drawing in as many suckers as possible with tales of Grozny near surrender (the Chechen capital, reduced to a pile of rubble by Russian "pin-point" air strikes, has been "surrounded" for about three weeks as of early December); the Chechen populace, grateful for having their homes vaporized by Russian "smart" weapons, are throwing flowers at their "liberators"; and Chechen gangster Bislan Gantamirov has repented and agreed to return to Chechnya to help liberate his people from the heel of the "bandits" and "terrorists."

In the West, "human rights" activists want to have it both ways: Insisting that Russia's war on Chechnya must stop, they appear to believe that the Chechens will stop the slave and drug trades and rethink their notions about religious freedom as soon as the bombing ceases. They are trumped in the information spin battle by those hypocritical Westerners who demand that Russia not equate the "action" in Kosovo with the "war" in Chechnya. As far as spin goes, the reports on casualties, civilian and otherwise, are so contradictory that nobody can really determine the truth.

I am often asked, as someone who is supposed to "know," just who is right in Chechnya, who is wrong, what should be done, and what exactly is happening there? The answers are: everybody and nobody; nobody and everybody; beats me; and damned if I know. For anybody considering getting the West mixed up in this centuries-old conflict, a word to the wise: Be careful out there, don't believe everything you hear (or see), brighten the corner where you are, mind your own business. And remember, war is hell.

—*Denis Petrov*

PRO-ABORTION and pro-centralization forces have won another victory in the battle over partial-birth abortion. As I detailed in this space last month, a three-judge panel of the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, breaking with other federal courts, upheld Wisconsin's and Illinois' laws against the procedure in October 1999. Planned Parenthood, the misnamed Hope Clinic (the institution which challenged the legality of the Illinois ban), and other abortion advocates asked the entire Seventh Circuit court to reverse or stay the decision.

The issue cleaved the full bench right down the middle: In a 5-5 decision, the panel's opinion was allowed to stand. (It would have taken a majority of the full court to overrule the panel.) Illinois and Wisconsin could now enforce their statutes. Just in the nick of time, however, John Paul Stevens, the U.S. Supreme Court justice charged with granting emergency stays on matters involving possible violations of constitutional law in the Seventh Circuit, effectively reversed the 5-5 decision, granting a stay of enforcement.

Stevens' stay is only in effect until the Court decides whether to grant a writ of certiorari, to review the decision of the Seventh Circuit panel on its merits, and to reconcile the conflicting law on partial-birth abortion in the federal courts. For certiorari to be granted, at least four justices must indicate a desire to hear the case.

It is a curious system whereby one man has the awesome power of overruling (even temporarily) the legislatures of two sovereign states, but that's current constitutional law. No one is quite sure when the Court will decide whether to take the issue, and no one knows how the Court will rule if it does take the case. Illinois Attorney General James Ryan had opposed the stay, but Wisconsin Attorney General James Doyle appeared to favor it, hoping that the Supreme Court would resolve the issue once and for all. Petitioning the Supreme Court for a stay, a group of Northwestern University obstetricians, apparently unaware of the oxymoron they employed, declared that "The Constitution simply does not tolerate bans on safe abortion." In contrast, Barbara Lyons, the executive director of Wisconsin Right to Life, noted that "The real losers in this situation are the babies who can continue to be killed in the process of being born."

The stakes could not be higher. If the Supreme Court upholds the Wisconsin and Illinois bans, there is an opportunity for state governments not only to regulate abortion, but actually to prohibit some of its forms. If this happens, and if state governments begin to assert their historic right to legislate in purely domestic matters, it would be a tremendous victory in the great war to preserve the Constitution and its original principle of dual state and federal sovereignty.

There still seems to be a consensus among judges and scholars that states can ban the abortion of viable fetuses, as long as the life of the mother is not thereby endangered. Since the partial-birth abortion prohibitions of Illinois and Wisconsin contain exceptions for cases in which the life of the mother is threatened, the Supreme Court could uphold them. Those who have attacked these laws have either claimed that they are too vague (and therefore might hinder procedures that could be performed on non-viable fetuses), or insisted that exceptions must be made to preserve the "health" as well as the "life" of the mother. An exception for the "health" of the mother, of course, could be construed to include any unfavorable mental state; in effect, any time the mother is "distressed" by her pregnancy and wants to terminate it, her "health" is at risk.

Of course, the Supreme Court could reverse the Seventh Circuit on these "overbreadth" or "maternal health" grounds. To do so, however, would call attention to the arbitrary nature of the Court's abortion decisions, and there are

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wise men and women on the Court who might fear to tread there. One of the justices has rushed in, but unless three more decide to grant cert, regulation of partial-birth abortion could be left to the states, as it should be.

—*Stephen B. Presser*

THE JOHN RANDOLPH CLUB held its tenth annual meeting at the Latham Hotel in Georgetown, the first (and probably last) time that the club has entered the boundaries of the District of Columbia. The meeting was an unqualified success, with near record numbers in attendance. Leave it to the members of The John Randolph Club to march around the Beltway, sing a few songs, and watch the walls come tumbling down.

This year's meeting addressed the topic "Why Washington Doesn't Matter," and no one could introduce the subject with more candor than Bill Kauffman. At the opening reception, attendees were treated to "Mr. Kauffman Goes to Washington"—a stirring jeremiad calling citizens of the world and fans of the Washington soap opera to rededicate their lives to their own hometowns by committing the sin of "placism."

The Saturday morning panels discussed "Three Things Washington Can't Get Right." Cato Institute senior fellow Doug Bandow led a panel on foreign policy with a speech entitled "Washington: Bipartisan Imperialism." Next, in a sobering and stirring address, *Chronicles* Foreign Affairs Editor Srdja Trifkovic argued that "It's Not Just the Balkans Anymore."

"Why have Americans bartered their treasured freedoms and allowed bureaucrats to strip-mine their resources?" asked David Hartman, the chairman of The Rockford Institute, as he led a panel on economics. The answer? They have been swayed by "Washington's Economic Myths"—socialist ideals. Wrapping up the panel, U.S. Business and Industrial Council President Kevin Kearns explained how Washington, while helping itself to the heartland's hard-earned wealth, is "Globalizing America Down."

The morning session concluded with a discussion of the third area of D.C.'s failure—"The Moral Order." Constitution Party vice presidential candidate Joseph Sobran demonstrated how, since Lincoln replaced the (truly) federal government with a "nation," "Immoral Acts" have replaced "Free Association and the Constitution." And columnist Samuel Francis contemplated the moral implications of Pat Buchanan's exodus from the two-party system in "Beyond Stupid and Evil."

Turning from the problem to the solution, the afternoon session centered on the things that *do* matter. The first afternoon panel, "Why Washington Doesn't Matter and the States Do," was kicked off by journalist and ex-Washingtonian R. Cort Kirkwood, who told the members that "If You Really Want to Change Things, Move Back Home." Firebrand newspaperman Robert Stacy McCain exposed the spin cycle of the Washington media elite in "Down-Home Defiance." And John Randolph Club President Thomas Fleming contrasted the ennobling idea of *patria* with the modern notion of *nation* in "Local Patriots."

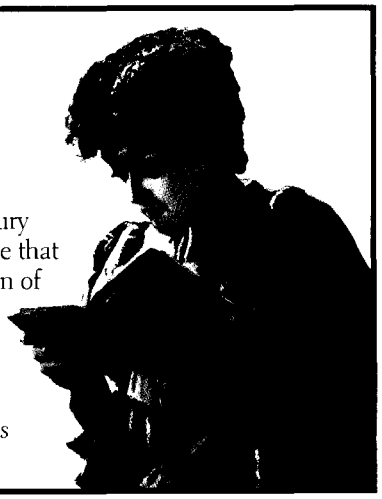
The heart of The John Randolph Club and *Chronicles* is a commitment to revitalizing the culture, and that was the subject of the final panel. Underscoring the significant contribution that classical civilization made to Christendom, E. Christian Kopff reminded guests that "The Devil Knows Latin," while filmmaker Ronald Maxwell shared the prophetic voice of American poet Robinson Jeffers. As the afternoon came to a close, Roger McGrath reminded the audience of the vast store of cultural wealth now banned from American universities in his speech, "Tales From the Politically Correct Crypt."

After a spectacular dinner, the Randolph Club was treated to one of its most rambunctious debates ever as the panelists took up the resolution: "Conservatives in Washington Haven't Done a Damned Thing." "Is it enough to stay at home and take shots at those who are in the fray?" asked panelists James Jatras, Doug Bandow, and Cliff Kincaid, who have all dedicated their lives to fighting the battle in Washington. Were it not for a tiny remnant of indefatigable conservatives, they argued, the Washington beast would be even larger and more powerful. Thomas Fleming, Bill Kauffman, and Tom Piatak countered that conservatives are corrupted by contact with Leviathan, and that no good can come from a government that is fundamentally corrupt.

Refreshed by a weekend of stirring oratory and fellowship, the members of The John Randolph Club returned home on Sunday, to add a new "ism" to the charges made by liberals: patriarchal, homophobic, sexist, racist, *placists*!

BOOK OF NEXT MONTH

Our book for next month is Bill Kauffman's *America First! Its History, Culture, and Politics* (1995). Throwing off the liberal-conservative straitjacket, Kauffman ranges across 20th-century American politics and literature to demonstrate that "isolationism" is the natural political expression of an American culture that draws its vigor from regional sources. From Charles Lindbergh to Edward Abbey, from Gore Vidal to Pat Buchanan, Kauffman's rearrangement of the American scene is at once novel and yet makes perfect sense.



OBITER DICTA: *Chronicles* is considering hiring an assistant editor/layout technician. Experience with Microsoft Word and desktop publishing on the Macintosh is a plus. For consideration, please send a résumé, writing samples, and salary requirements to: *Chronicles*, 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.

Paul Lake, who teaches English and creative writing at Arkansas Tech, has contributed two poems to this issue. His second collection of poetry, *Walking Backward*, was recently released by Story Line Press. Mr. Lake's poems have appeared in the *Formalist*, the *Hudson Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and the *Paris Review*, among others.

Chronicles is illustrated this month by **Stephen Warde Anderson**, a self-taught artist from Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Anderson is affiliated with the Phyllis Kind Gallery in New York, Dean Jensen Gallery in Milwaukee, Aron Packer and Earth Works Gallery in Chicago, and Webb Gallery in Waxahachie, Texas.

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Chronicles' Back Issues, Tapes, and Books

* 1999 in Review *

CHRISTOS Y2K: CHOOSE YOUR MILLENNIUM—December 1999—Thomas Fleming on the new religions of dinosaurs, AIDS, and race, Philip Jenkins on how Matthew Shepard replaced Jesus Christ, and Harold O.J. Brown on the coming of the Third Age. Plus Jeffrey Meyers on traveling through Jamaica, Janet Scott Barlow on the *New York Times* and compassion, and an exposé of the Russian banking scandal.
Back Issue #: T99& **$7.00**

LITTLE AMERICAS: NORTHERN LIGHTS—November 1999—Thomas Fleming returns to his hometown of Superior, Wisconsin, Justin Raimondo celebrates the career of Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., Greg Kaza discusses the effect of free trade on Detroit, and Bill Kauffman interviews novelist Carolyn Chute. Plus William Mills on Wisconsin novelists Gordon Weaver and Anthony Bukoski.
Back Issue #: T99- **$7.00**

THE END OF INDIVIDUALISM—October 1999—Thomas Fleming examines the conflict between the individual and the family, Bill Kauffman documents the making of an individualist, Stephen B. Presser weighs the individual against the community, and Donald W. Livingston plots the strange career of individualism. Plus Greg Kaza on NAFTA and American steelworkers and Tom Jenney on the plight of Palestinian Christians.
Back Issue #: T990 **$7.00**

HOMESCHOOLING FOR LIFE—September 1999—Mary Pride on two futures for American education, Andrei Navrozov on his son the sociopath, and Scott P. Richert on homeschooling in Rockford, Illinois. Plus Thomas Fleming on the revival of the classical curriculum, J.O. Tate on Hillary Clinton's Senate campaign, Michael McMahon on state education in England, and Janet Scott Barlow on Bill Clinton and his defenders.
Back Issue #: T999 **$7.00**

THE END OF THE AMERICAN CENTURY—August 1999—A round table discussion on the end of the American Century featuring Bill Kauffman, Harold O.J. Brown, Wayne Allensworth, John Lukacs, and Chilton Williamson, Jr. Plus Philip Jenkins on the end of the "Christian Century," Christopher Check on America's modern military, and Srdja Trifkovic on the Clinton Doctrine and the end of sovereignty.
Back Issue #: T998 **$7.00**

DECONSTRUCTING JUSTICE—July 1999—Thomas Fleming on justice and thoughtcrime, Philip Jenkins on the presumption of innocence and other fairy tales, Stephen B. Presser on the living Constitution and the death of sovereignty, and Antony Flew on the mirage of John Rawls. Plus Justin Raimondo on Matthew Shepard and the thought police and Marko Lopusina on the Albanian drug trade.
Back Issue #: T997 **$7.00**

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST: FROM THE ALAMO TO KOSOVO—June 1999—Thomas Fleming on gambling and the frontier spirit, Roger D. McGrath on Americans then and now, William Murchison on retaking the Alamo, and David B. Kopel on the gun and the frontier. Plus Doug Bandow on our little war in Kosovo, Harold O.J. Brown on Pitirim Sorokin, and Samuel Francis on politics without a right.
Back Issue #: T996 **$7.00**

HOME ECONOMICS: DEATH, TAXES, AND THE AMERICAN FAMILY—May 1999—Thomas Fleming defends the family from its defenders. Virginia Deane Abernethy explains how to revitalize the American family, Jean-Didier Lecaillon offers lessons from the French experience, and Philip Jenkins wonders whether the family breeds serial killers. Plus William R. Hawkins on globalization and the family.
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STATES' RIGHTS, FEDERAL WRONGS—April 1999—Thomas Fleming on federalism *versus* absolutism, Stephen B. Presser on restoring state sovereignty, Donald W. Livingston on the tyranny of liberalism, and Michael Dan Jones on Louisiana and the Tenth Amendment. Plus Bill Murchison on the Texas Constitution, Michael Jordan on studying with Russell Kirk, and Mark Tooley on Clinton and the clergy.
Back Issue #: T994 **$7.00**

CULTURAL ALIENATION: HOLLYWOOD LIES, 60'S RADICALS RISE, NERO RULES!—March 1999—Egon Richard Tausch exposes the Thomas Jefferson-Sally Hemings hoax, Roger D. McGrath explains how Hollywood arrives at its potted view of history, and Curtis Cate takes a trip to Weimar. Plus Michael Stenton on the modern monarchy, Alan Sullivan on A.D. Hope, and a letter from Lagado University.
Back Issue #: T993 **$7.00**

ISLAM AND THE WEST—February 1999—Thomas Fleming defends decadent Christendom, James George Jatras exposes America's collaboration with Islam, Harold O.J. Brown warns the West against submitting to a quiet *jihad*, and Srdja Trifkovic discusses Islam and the multicultural myth. Plus Philip Jenkins on the *New York Times* and the persecution of Christians. (Out of print—photocopy available.)
Photocopy #: T992 **$7.00**

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY: THE NEW CONSERVATIVE TRINITY—January 1999—Thomas Fleming dreams of a restored American republic, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn declares that right is right and left is wrong, Paul Gottfried exposes the Jacobins in the conservative camp, and Samuel Francis examines the conflict of nations within nations. Plus Bill Kauffman on why we should cut Puerto Rico free.
Back Issue #: T991 **$7.00**

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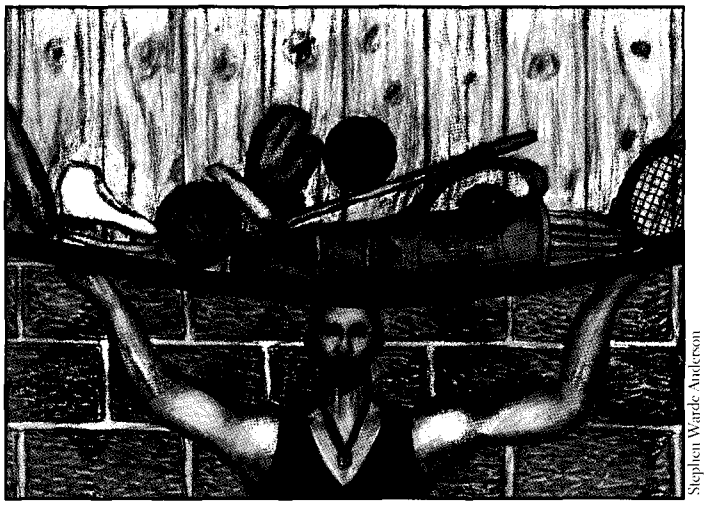
Stephen Warde Anderson

Everything Is Jake

The Unmanned American

by Thomas Fleming

My old man did not think much of writers; he had known too many of them. He did not like what little he had seen of Hemingway, and regarded his obsession with virility as unmanly. Hemingway, at least as a younger man, must have had few illusions about himself and his generation, and his first and best novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, is an American's *Good-bye to All That*, to manhood as well as civilization.

Poor Jake Barnes, impotent from a war wound, spends his life finding alternatives to sex—fishing in Spain, horse racing, bullfights, laconic appreciations of good food—but in the end, he is sustained only by a hardheaded cynicism that does not permit him even to imagine life might have been better if he had been whole. His answer to every illusion is his last line in the novel: "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

Hemingway's childish fascination with blood sports, bullfighting as well as big-game hunting, his affection for prize fighters, and his lifelong fear of the suicide he ultimately committed all mark him as one of the unmanned men of the 20th century. Ernest is Jake, and *The Sun Also Rises* is an accurate diagnosis of a generation (rather an entire age) which, in giving up on civilization, had forgotten how to be men and women. Jake is impotent, Lady Brett is a slut, Mike is an alcoholic, and Robert Cohn is the rich untalented boor who was replacing the aristocracies of Europe and America.

"Robert Cohn," as the first sentence describes him, "was once middle-weight boxing champion of Princeton." Young men like sports, and if they do not, there is usually something wrong with them. I was lousy at all of them, but playing baseball and football meant much to me at the age of 12, and even after I discovered girls, I sometimes preferred fishing. (Still do.) But as boys grow into manhood, they find the thrill of competition in their jobs, in the pursuit of learning, in politics, and they reserve only a few hours a week for the physical stress of the basketball or tennis which keeps them fit and clears their heads.

It is a bad sign when a man does not relegate sports to the attic or gunroom of his life. My father owned a baseball team and had, if anything, even more contempt for professional athletes than he did for writers. He loved the company of managers and scouts and always spoke of Al Lopez with affectionate reverence, but the "phenoms" under contract he diagnosed as so many cases of arrested development. Even when I was only 12, I had begun to realize there was something wrong with most of these guys, and when, at the age of 18, I spent a season as my father's "press secretary" (i.e., general flunky) I came to view his players as crybabies and brats, incapable of managing their own affairs, always overspending their salaries, unable to resist a pink Cadillac or the peroxide blonde that came with it as a standard accessory. Big as they were and tough as they could be in a brawl, they were boys, not men.

Whenever I hear of a professional athlete who wants to be president, I shudder, remembering the childishness and moral effeminacy of the phenoms. A big-time college football coach once told me of how he first heard about a hot talent who was not bright enough to get into a real college. What a shame to have to pass up a chance at getting young Joe Namath!

I met the coach when I was in college because I used to drink beer with Big John Canaday, a former lineman with the New York Giants. John was no more intellectually inclined than Broadway Joe, but he was a man who once saved my skin when I got into an argument with a Marine just back from Vietnam. When the Marine, who was built like a shot-putter, invited me to go outside where he was literally going to kill me, I had no

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choice but to put my 130 pounds on the line. As any young man knows, it is better to face death than to lose face.

Big John, knowing the inevitable outcome of this mismatch, flexed his massive biceps and told the big Marine to leave. My slayer-to-be—who when he rose up, revealed himself to be bigger than John—was unimpressed: "You and who else are gonna throw me out?" Smiling calmly, John told him, "Me and"—reaching out from under the bar—"this Colt .45."

Big John may not have had brains, but—with or without a gun—he had grit, and to this day I do not know why he befriended me. Young "intellectuals" and New York journalists are fond of ridiculing "dumb jocks," specifically black athletes from the South. These males without chests, dead from the neck down, are not even man enough to understand that intelligence is of no earthly use if the intelligent lack the courage to put their minds to honorable use. Some "dumb jocks" have more humanity than the entire editorial staff of the *New Republic*.

Football players are not paid by the cerebral ounce, and even quarterbacks like Namath can be none too bright. Once, in a conversation with former Sen. Eugene McCarthy, I brought up the candidacy of Jack Kemp, whom even O.J. Simpson (in his memoirs) ridiculed for his limited intelligence. McCarthy found Mr. Kemp's entire political career excruciatingly funny.

But Kemp and Namath and Simpson seem like intellectual giants beside Bill Bradley. Bradley has given up running on his record in the Senate—18 years of sucking up to the *Washington Post*—and now wants to be elected president on the NBA ticket. Bill felt so bad as a white boy in a black man's world that he internalized the bogus values of the NBA and wants the rest of us to be as race-obsessed as he is. Better Gore. Better Bush.

Most sports are obviously mock battles and war games, designed to train boys to become men, capable of defending their homes and fighting for their country. Amateur and professional sports, over the past several centuries, were usually brutal combats in which the victor was the last man standing. As recently as a generation or two ago, athletes were poor tough kids who worked hard and played the game. Today, they seem more like spoiled darlings paid to sweat in public and act out the fantasies of testosterone-starved suburban "males." As entertainers, they are lower than rock musicians who write their own songs and perhaps a little higher than film stars who act out sex in movies. But if the Vegas-style sports productions of the NBA-NFL variety continue to provide a degraded model for male competition, what defense is there of boxing (the effete Norman Mailer's favorite moral allegory) and wrestling? There is a difference, of course, between boxing and wrestling: Some people are dumb enough to bet on boxing matches.

Like most Americans my age, I have seen, usually by *force majeure*, an hour or two of televised wrestling in almost every decade. Back in the late 50's, our neighbors stayed up to watch the rassling in the years when Gorgeous George was king. Everyone knew the matches were scripted, but in the early days the performers were, for the most part, trained wrestlers who were not simply acting, even if the outcome was foreordained. The Harts—father Stuart and his sons Bret and Owen—were genuine athletes who took their craft very seriously. Owen, it is said, was very unhappy with the increasingly goofy and humiliating scripts and costumes imposed by wrestling czar Vince McMahon, and it is no small irony that Owen Hart died a few years ago doing a super-hero descent from the rafters when his harness opened prematurely.

There is no point to making fun of the rasslers, most of whom are ordinary guys trying to make a living for their families. It cannot be good for their souls, however, to live a lie for so many years. My old man used to repeat the old saying that acting was the highest profession for a woman but the lowest for a man, and in later years, I used to ponder the second half of that statement when an actor-president awarded a Medal of Freedom to John Wayne, as if John Wayne were really a war hero and not simply an actor who played war heroes. Mr. Wayne was undoubtedly a patriotic American, but to receive such a medal, he should have waited in line behind each and every combat veteran of World War II—including Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable, who did go into combat; the Coast Guard men who ran the landing crafts; the merchant sailors who faced death from German U-boats; and director John Ford, who risked his life shooting films for the Navy.

It is not just that rasslers are actors but that the cartoon characters they play are, for the most part, potty-mouthed brats, the dream-fulfillments of girly 12-year-old boys who will never reach manhood. Some of the *personae* are simply comical clones of characters who might have been invented by Japanese animators. Sometimes the *personae* go over the top. Amiable Nick Foley has turned himself into Mankind, whose self-destructive antics astonish even The Undertaker. Far from athletic, Mankind attracts and holds his audience by enduring a level of abuse that is almost suicidal.

Stone Cold Steve Austin (profiled in a recent A&E *Biography* series that included profiles of Owen Hart and Jesse Ventura) started out as a nice Texas boy from a broken home, a good student and star football player in his high school. Steve Williams (né Steve Anderson) was a shy overachiever who made a tragic miscalculation in choosing an occupation that offered fame without glory and swallowed up his personal life. Now on his third marriage, nice Steve Williams spends much of his life as Antichrist Stone Cold Steve Austin, whose fans carry signs reading Austin 3:16—Stone Cold's anti-gospel of amoral violence he created one night to ridicule a "Christian" rassler. It is all, he says, just good fun.

But if Steve Austin is laughing all the way to the emergency room, what of the fans who, in their desperate search for conflict, pay their money or waste their time on what they know is a sham? Preadolescent boys make up an increasing segment of the target audience that Vince McMahon and his imitator, Ted Turner, are going after. This is the demographic justification for the cartoon atmosphere created for stars like Hulk Hogan and the hero he displaced, André (not Navrozov, as my children used to think) "the Giant." The 12-year-old doughboys who foul their name-brand jeans for joy when the House of Pain is lowered onto the ring are a pathetic spectacle, but less disturbing than the post-adolescent American *castrati* who spend so much of their free time in front of a TV set, drooling over the steroid-inflated mercenaries of the WWF and the NFL.

Sports are one figment in the collective delusion of modern America, a televised orgy of pseudo-virility in which the athletes play the part of porn stars, and the fans are self-abusing cases of arrested development trying so hard to believe that Jesse Ventura is a real hero, Michael Jordan a wonderful guy, Mark McGuire a baseball great.

Back in the 50's, my old man knew a sports promoter. His mother was forever ragging him about the dirty business of this

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mock sport until he finally took her to one of the "athletic exhibitions." Within minutes, she was at ringside begging her new champion to murder the bum.

The fans do know these matches are not only rigged but staged—on TV it is clear that few, if any, of the punches come close to hitting meat—and none of them is dumb enough to bet on a WWF "championship" match, yet they continue to act out the fantasy. Here is the "willing suspension of disbelief" with a vengeance, and Vince McMahon is more poet than promoter. But what kind of poetry? Imagine the philosophy of the Marquis de Sade set to a greeting card rhyme. Like so many modern American males, Sade was incapable of taking pleasure in the ordinary things of life. Morally and intellectually feeble, he wallowed in *unnatural* fantasies of sex and violence.

Those who have never read Konrad Lorenz imagine that he believed that man was a naturally vicious predator who could not escape the competitive violence of his bestial ancestors. On the contrary, Lorenz proved that real predators like wolves and lions were naturally programmed with social mechanisms that could bring a fight to a bloodless end. Every dog owner has seen a beaten or dominated dog roll over, exposing its genitals, as an act of submission. It is non-predatory creatures, such as Lorenz's jackdaws, who will peck one another to death because they lack the necessary social inhibitions.

Man is not wolf to man, as the Latin proverb has it, but bird to man. Once the appetite for violence is created, only the artificial constraints of society and civilization can restrain it. The popularity of rassling shows us that those restraints are gone.

If American males are now sissies addicted to violent fantasies, the question is: After rassling, what? The really creative cultural entrepreneurs in our society—people like Vince McMahon, Jerry Springer, and (on a lower level) Ted Turner—understand that, as our own personal lives thin out like watery batter on a hot grill, Americans are demanding real-life soap opera. The obvious next step is rassling-to-the-death as a live-audience game show.

The brightest new TV show, *Survivor* (CBS), will strand male and female contestants on a desert island off the Borneo coast, and every three days the survivors will vote to expel one of their number, with the last man (or woman) standing to receive one million dollars. This is a recipe for sexual intrigue and intimidation, and viewers can hope that some lucky contestant will be trampled to death by a wild boar or murdered by a rival. *Survivor* is a rip-off of a Swedish show, *Expedition Robinson*, whose first loser killed himself a month after returning from the island.

This movement toward real-time soap opera was anticipated by Ray Bradbury in *Fahrenheit 451*, but it took pop writer Stephen King to put the elements of the game show, rassling, and the soap opera together into the greatest show not yet on television: *The Running Man*. In the Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle, innocent and heroic men, vilified by their brutal government, are forced to run for their lives and face a series of professional slayers, including a very campy all-American "Captain Freedom"—played by Jesse Ventura, gussied up in a red-white-and-blue rassling costume.

The Running Man is only 12 years old, but it has the feel of reality 2000, when a very campy Captain Freedom with a mind to match his foul mouth is the political hero to millions of unmanned American males. That excessive use of steroids may lead to sterility and impotence is only one more reason for America's resentful capons to identify with Jesse Ventura.

c

DICTATIONS

Contemptible Familiarities

"Would you *guys* like somethin' to drink?" I could not help smiling at the lady and two men sitting across the table from me in this California restaurant injected into the middle of North Carolina. We had just been deploring the use of this unisex slang expression to mean "ladies and gentlemen" and debating the possibility of asking waitresses to avoid it. The waitress cocked her head and asked if something was wrong. After a few moments of embarrassed hesitation, I told her: "This is a lady sitting next to me, not a guy, and the rest of us are men or even gentlemen, not *guys* or kids or fellows."

"Then what am I supposed to say?"

When one Southern literary gent at the table suggested "You all," she protested, "But then I'd sound like a cracker." We assured her that the best people said "Y'all" and added that if she wanted to talk Yankee, she should talk old Philadelphia and not suburban Des Moines.

Guy, whether it is derived from the effigies of Guy Fawkes burnt on the fifth of November or, as Mencken believed, from the guy-rope of a circus tent, has nothing to recommend itself as a term of address. Chesterton objected to being called a "regular guy" when he visited America—perhaps he thought he was being accused of being a Catholic terrorist. The real point to using *guys* is that it is a weapon in the war to eliminate distinctions and to level sexes, ranks, and ages into one neutral category that probably includes domestic animals. Like "citizen" or "comrade," *guys* is a political term that does nothing to elevate the waitress but only denies the social reality constructed by men and women, young and old. If pressed, the sweet young thing from Concord might have said she was doing this 50-something old man a favor by treating him as "one of the *guys*," but some of us old bucks are proud to have got to where we are and can barely tolerate the society of the under-35 guys, chicks, dudes, and hey-mans whose philosophy of life is "I deserve a break today." Did somebody say "stupid"?

—Humpty Dumpty

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It's a Girl's, Girl's, Girl's, Girl's World

by Marian Kester Coombs

Stephen Warde Anderson

A television ad: Single girl "Heather" has come to be videotaped for a dating service. Haltingly, she blurts out facts about herself—she's got a Lab, a "great" job, an "out-of-control shoe fetish"—while sipping the diet soda which is supposedly the *raison d'être* of the ad. The interviewer comments, "Sounds like a pretty good life." Taking a deep sip, the girl suddenly says, "Thank you!" in an almost normal tone of voice. "So, what kind of man are you looking for?" continues the interviewer—to an empty chair, for Heather has decamped *sans adieu* back to her pretty good life.

The message: If you have a dog, a great job, and a good shoe fetish, you do not need a man in your life, so long as you drink the right diet soda (whichever one that may be).

Another ad: A woman is driving a young man in her convertible. He explains how he is trying to quit smoking using a "nicotine delivery" system, and she laughs at him throughout the explanation. Arriving at their destination, he asks her how he looks; as she straightens his tie, she smirks, "Surprisingly intelligent."

An even more offensive commercial has been running on radio—once again, for a product whose identity is effaced by the heavy-handed psychological warfare. A man's voice keeps anxiously questioning, explaining, and apologizing as dinner is being prepared, while a woman's voice drones, "I've got a job, I've got a laptop, I've got car payments," and other disconnected facts of a similar nature; the only time she addresses the man is to say in a bored, annoyed tone, "Please don't keep saying you're sorry." Her last words are, "And I've got a boyfriend—for now."

We are back to the 60's girl-graffiti: "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle." Such ads are presumed to flatter women by implying that they do not need men. But perhaps the truth is different and much simpler: These ads only superimpose a happy face on the reality that men do not want women very much anymore. The most perfect symbol of where women now stand in the radical feminist state they have been conned into supporting is our blithe President: a dedicated feminist in principle, a pig in private. Real men loathe Bill Clinton.

A few decades ago, William Carlos Williams wrote of America as "a vigorous, man's country." Clinton's America, in contrast, is a woman's world. Men tamed the Wild West, and now they—the foolhardy pioneers, the cowboys, the gunslingers, the men of honor—must be driven out of the territory so that "decent folk" can live smug and snug in the prosperity and security that those antiquated heroics wrested from the wilderness.

Men's achievements—physical, intellectual, and moral—have made the world safe for women. Push-button war means never having to break a nail. Women stroll among the monuments, the ruins of the history men have made, exclaiming and deploring and, above all, appreciating. How easy it all looks! Whatever was the big deal? From foreign affairs to the whiz-bang applications of math and science, it is all so easy to appreciate now.

Men are being driven out, however, not by women, but by other men; not for reasons of "gender equity," but for reasons of political power. Globalists hate and fear real men—they are men themselves, of course, but they are men of a class that wants *all* the power, just as the Disney Corporation wants *all* of your entertainment dollars. Powerful men have always sought to control other men but have never entirely succeeded. The globalist elite has hit upon the scheme of replacing these other

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

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men with women, who are easier to control. Either they are more readily intimidated, because of their timid natures; or they are smitten with their masters, like tawdry brides of an inverted Christ; or they are lesbians who hate men and are ecstatic to be helping neuter their ancient enemy.

Whatever freedoms humanity has won originate in the fight for autonomy waged by competitive males; and that drive for autonomy is the biggest obstacle to the consolidation of new global institutions in the hands of the supranational power elite. It was, after all, the competing power nucleus of colonial American men that felt compelled to revolt against King George and his "long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object [of seducing us] under absolute Despotism." Among the many outrages for which the king was arraigned in the Declaration of Independence: "He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the People." Likewise, it is the powerful men representing the competing authorities of the House of Representatives and the Senate who tried to reassert the crucial principle that the executive branch is not above the laws other Americans must obey—and it is no small measure due to women's weakness for Bill Clinton that this principle is now a dead letter.

The global power elite that is struggling to emerge feeds upon whatever resentments it can find or manufacture in order to undermine existing power relationships—between classes, between nations, between races, between the sexes. Women are the greatest weapon the globalists have yet wielded against the competing authorities of family, religion, community, and nation. Women's characteristic desire for security blinds them to the danger of allowing one global state to centralize all authority, all finance, all currency and credit, all decision-making, all legitimacy; and that desire is making possible a tyranny from which there is intended to be no escape. Women, who have never fought for the liberty that they take for granted, are apparently all too eager to trade it for the illusions of safety and prosperity dangled before them by the procurers of the One World State. Women historically are the weak link: Politicize and "empower" them, and you are well on the way to making the world safe for the new serfdom, the first tyrannical matriarchy run by men.

The perfect example of women not "getting it" is gun control. A survey in May 1999 showed that a full fourth of women support a ban on all individual possession of handguns—not to mention "assault" (i.e., effective group-defense) weapons—while among men, of course, only one in eight supports such a ban. Women have learned nothing from the hideous experiment of Prohibition.

This is not to imply that women are inherently peaceful, gentle souls. Psychometric studies have shown that women harbor enormous reservoirs of aggression, but they are more adept at using the "indirect aggression" of gossip, shunning, and smear campaigns.

"Woman's inhumanity to Woman" is an ancient theme that was memorably treated by Clare Boothe Luce in her 1930's play *The Women* and by Betty Smith in her 1940's memoir, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*:

> From that time on . . . she hated women. She feared them for their devious ways, she mistrusted their instincts. She began to hate them for this disloyalty and their cruelty to each other. . . . They stuck together for only one thing: to trample on some other woman.

For what are women competing so ruthlessly? To attract and hold men, naturally. With the overthrow of the patriarchy, sisterhood was supposed to flower powerfully. That has not happened, however. As men are driven out, competition for them has, alas, become only more bitter.

Where are the missing men? Not in the military, which men are leaving in droves out the backdoor as women march in the front. Many of them are in prison. Some have gone to Alaska. But many seem to have vanished from the census into some uncounted foreign legion of the streets. If even such establishment stalwarts as Pat Buchanan, Oliver North, and G. Gordon Liddy can be inverted into Rogue Males, one step ahead of being outlawed for their beliefs and their very being, what cannot be done to rednecked, blue-collared "mavericks" accused of criminal masculinity? In his book *An Empire Wilderness*, Robert D. Kaplan rather squeamishly describes some of these lost souls as "a new class of silent people" lurking in unfurnished trailers on the outskirts of everything. But how were these nowhere men silenced, and how did they find their way to their "paranoid" nowheres?

News reports told us that Eric Harris was rejected by the Marines just five days before the April 1999 massacre in Littleton, Colorado, because he was on the prescription drug Luvox for "depression" (although Luvox has been clinically approved only to manage "obsessive-compulsive disorder"). It is not hard to imagine why a young Caucasian male in modern America would be depressed. But Harris's ticket out of the horror of civilian life was neatly revoked by the very "treatment" he was receiving to cope with it.

The following comments are drawn from actual diagnoses of ADHD (attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder) in two young boys who were forced to take Ritalin, dexedrine, or other cocaine-class drugs:

> Constantly reminded to stop talking and get busy. He seems to have the most trouble in reading group when he needs to sit still and remain attentive. He often fidgets, seems to stare off in space/daydream, and pay attention to anything going on in the classroom but what he's suppose [sic] to do.

> Sometimes gets very spunky still. [This child's dosage was increased.]

If masculine behavior is criminalized, only criminals will exhibit masculine behavior.

Even as boys are being persecuted for being boys, educators are repeating the lie that girls are "shortchanged" in schools. Simple observations that anyone can make in any schoolroom in America have now joined up with solid numbers to prove the opposite. While 32.3 percent of high-school girls get mostly A's, only 17.6 percent of boys do. Among girls, 73.2 percent believe that "the amount of work they do is very important to later success in life," while only 59.4 percent of boys believe this statement to be true. (This may be related to the fact that, in the new economy, 23 of the 25 "worst jobs" as defined by the *Jobs Rated Almanac* are more than 90 percent male.) While 59.5 percent of girls "take the most difficult and challenging courses they can," only 44.5 percent of boys do.

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In 1976, 53 percent of college students were male. By 1995, only 44 percent were. Among black college students, only 38 percent are male. While girls—thanks to the watering down of math and science courses—are closing the gap in algebra, geometry, calculus, biology, chemistry, geology, and engineering, boys lag well behind in their traditional areas of weakness, reading and writing. Of those recognized in the 1997-98 *Who's Who Among High School Students*, 65 percent were girls. The only kind of "attention" boys get more of than girls is referral to the principal, detention, suspension, and expulsion.

Some feminists have begun to suspect that men may be trying to give them the slip, "deciding to forego college entirely and launch technical careers out of high school," as liberal Bonnie Erbe has warned in her newspaper column. After fighting for decades to stigmatize male professors, male students, the male intellectual "canon," and fraternities (as well as male sports, interests, campus traditions, and areas of specialization in general), feminists like Erbe now wax indignant: "We do not want these schools to become pink-collar ghettos, the way clerical jobs have become." An interesting choice of words: If "Woman" is synonymous with "Excellence," why should something that becomes predominantly associated with women be viewed as a "ghetto," with its unsavory and negative connotations? It just does not make sense.

For now, says Erbe, "the only thing I would worry about . . . is women who go to college to, as they used to say, get [an MRS degree]. Those women are likely to be sorely disappointed." (Nobody I know, you can hear her saying under her breath. And note "Those women"—like "that woman" Monica Lewinsky, who attended college solely to be near the married man she was trying to steal from his wife.)

Judith Sturnick of the American Council on Education worries that there is a "separate track for education that will primarily benefit men, which will allow them to enter the job market with higher pay at a higher salary," leaving women at liberal-arts colleges to "continue on the baccalaureate track, end up debt-laden and then wind up three or four years behind in a profession." Let us hope Miz Erbe and her sisters are right. One would like to think that men really have walked out on women, made an end run around the feminist wedge, and escaped to pursue career goals in some novel fashion, just as the harpies fear.

Women can do many things—some very well, some fairly well, others poorly—including many things they did not often get the opportunity to do in the past, either because there were enough men to do them, or because men did not want to be bothered doing them in the company of women, or because women already had their hands full with the great work of making a home. That women can do many things is not the issue.

The issue is one of division of labor, the labor being that of reproducing a recognizably human race. One thing nature surely rewards is efficiency, and efficiency is what we should look for when it comes to the hazardous business of reproduction and survival. The Creator entrusted one important, specific task to most female mammals—that of bearing, nurturing, and acculturating the young—yet, by all measures, human females in the "developed" world are now doing a lousy job of it. Our children are not being reared properly, and who is supposed to raise them? Play Station? *The Simpsons*? Our children act like street people, they are not being taught to be civil, and who is supposed to teach them? Their basketball coach? Our children are neglected, stressed, depressed, obese, "hyperactive," stuffed with junk food, and who is supposed to care about them? The Global Village that bombed "ethnic Albanian" children in order to save them?

Feminists always object that women should not have to be the ones "stuck with the kids." They would rather see men stuck with them—an incredibly inefficient system for humanity, the "king of beasts." There is, however, an example in nature of the system that feminists seem to desire: The spotted hyena (*Crocuta crocuta*) has evolved females, complete with sham masculine genitalia, of greater size and strength than the males. According to ethologist Cynthia Moss in *Portraits in the Wild*, "It is virtually impossible to tell male and female hyena cubs apart without dissecting them." These butch females dominate the clan, lead patrols of its territorial borders, feed first at a kill, and so on. "Even young females, not fully grown, will sometimes be dominant over adult males larger than they," reports Moss. "Therefore it is not just the females' size that makes them dominant, but their whole behavior and personality."

Female hyenas do care for the young, however: "Around the den the females are completely dominant and are often aggressive to the males, not letting them near their young cubs, and with good reason, as hyenas show definite cannibalistic tendencies." In fact, it has been speculated that hyena evolution took this direction as a survival mechanism due to the species trait of cannibalism, which is quite marked: Females and males alike routinely devour dead or disabled clan members, not to mention foreigners.

Hormones triggered by pregnancy and lactation suppress cannibalism, albeit temporarily, in many species in addition to the spotted hyena. For instance, several researchers have observed lionesses who suddenly "switched" from licking their newborns to eating them when the protective hormonal shield was breached for some reason.

Thus, among hyenas, there is a feminist social system for us to observe. Should we evolve in this direction? Perhaps this evolution is already happening: There must be some explanation for the emergence of such a distinctively modern "Venus" as Venus Williams and such a uniquely modern "Madonna" as Madonna Ciccone.

Do not misunderstand: I have two daughters. But my daughters will not find happiness in a world where there are no real men, only women posturing and posing as men, a world of "strong women" like Hillary and Rosie and Madonna and Riot Grrrls and Siobhan McKenna and the rest. And more important, my daughters will not find freedom in such a world. c

The New Equality

by Paul Lake

The applicant secretly smiles at receiving preferment
And with sensual stabs of delight sees her rival's defeat,
Then proclaiming that justice requires hope's endless deferment,
Makes him bear both unspeakable loss and her shame at the cheat.

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Unisex Multiplex

When Felix Met Oscar

by J.O. Tate

Stephen Wardle Anderson

How could I possibly know as much as I do about popular entertainment? I mean, I almost never go to the movies anymore. The big multiplexes annoy me with the stink of their sprays, their even more vexing segmentation of the audience, and their usurious popcorn prices. At home, I have no time for television, being completely devoted to religious meditation, arcane studies, and my hobby, organic chemistry. But let's face it, the worst thing about movies and television today is what you see. "Entertainment" palls when there is so little pleasure to be found. And the imagination is not stimulated by an awareness of the manipulations of the entertainment industry.

One of the creepier experiences of actually seeing what is going on, though, is the realization that the presentation of humanity itself is more than a bit lacking. "Men," for example, seem to be beer-swilling louts who wear Hawaiian shirts. "Women" appear to be anorexic teenage models who are exploring their sexuality. Where is some norm of reference or ground of actuality? Maybe the point is that there is none.

Looking at the whole male/female situation now makes you wonder. All the little chippies that the powers put in front of us at the multiplex and on the cable leave me cold, perhaps because I do not want to look at any navel display unless I am the only one who gets to see it. Over 30 years of sexual revolution, radical feminism, ethnic truculence, homosexual agitprop, and all the rest of it have resulted in the present confusion, a situation in which you cannot even expect to see a good movie. There are a lot of reasons why that is so, and there are exceptions, and there is as well the distorting complexity of reading the dialectic of history through illusory commercial artworks that are themselves both the cause and the result of what are now called "changing gender roles." The "gender blender" is why, in movies today, we so often see males hugging and crying and saying things like, "I love you, man."

I can remember when a "weepie" was a woman's movie, a handkerchief flick. And by the way, some of the old women's movies were so good that anyone could enjoy them, and did. Today, a woman's movie is something like *Thelma & Louise* (1991), which would have been a lot better in black and white, made in the early 50's, with maybe Dan Duryea and Stephen MacNally instead of Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis, and the rape stuff by the evil men left out. So Callie Khouri won an Oscar for the lousy screenplay. Go figure.

As a chick flick, *Thelma & Louise* was a road movie, and it was a buddy movie. There was a niche, at least, for the conception. But still, it was a feminized, possibly lesbian version, complete with *Liebestodt*, of a sinister male phenomenon, and I mean the buddy movie, not the road movie or the usual crime story.

The buddy movie is a problem, and a revealing one. I do not want to blame everything, or even anything, on Neil Simon, who wrote *The Odd Couple*. That comedy had its own point. But the ceaseless replication has contained a subliminal message. I think that there have been so many buddy movies because, after the sexual revolution and the collapse of convention in the 60's, the usual sentimental melodrama of love and recognition of the other self could hardly be told in terms of male and female, and for two reasons. One is that the story of male and female entanglement has essentially required from unimaginative moviemakers and audiences a pornographic representation, complete with female orgasm. Love cannot be represented without graphic display of same. Therefore, the difference

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and recognition between individuals could only be desexualized through the buddy movie. And this leads to the other reason for the buddy movie: the feminization of the male, and the subcontextual establishment of homosexual relations as a norm, rather than a mere perverse possibility, of romance.

So let's talk about Oscar and Felix, since everyone remembers them. Oscar was the slob, with his beer and pizzas and ball games and rough ways and gruff talk. Felix was different—sensitive, artistic, neurotically whimsical, obsessed with the finer points of housekeeping. It is not a point of rocket science to suggest that their amusing conflict was a transmutation of the male and female principles. Supplied with various girlfriends, not to mention ex-wives, Oscar and Felix were carefully protected from the implication of the tensions between them. But that tension was there, as it had formerly been between Ralph Kramden and Alice, and between Ricky and Lucy. May I point out that these heterosexual pairs were *married*? It is a point of law today, as well as a point of church doctrine in some places, that Oscar and Felix could make it legal and sanctioned. They might as well have done so, there being no doubt as to the identity, respectively, of groom and bride.

Ain't love grand? Certainly, we can continue, in this delightful as well as instructive vein, to explore some of the variations of the buddy movie. *Planes, Trains, and Automobiles* (1987), written, directed, and produced by John Hughes, was a thin movie perhaps, but effective and amusing in its own way. The odd couple this time are Neil (Steve Martin as the fussy Felix type) and Del (John Candy as the vulgar Oscar type). Stuck together on their accidental odyssey, their opposition is reconciled at the end by the sanction of one wife and the memory of another, but the movie itself presents them almost always together, even in a bed they are forced to share. They awake in an embarrassing embrace, which they shake off by asserting their masculinity in nervous and silly talk about football, but a more transparent example of what today is called "homosexual panic" cannot be imagined. Such an allegorical scene, though funny, would appear to be driven by a need to assert didactically that our sexual identity is "socially constructed" and, therefore, easily deconstructed and reconstructed as well. The final scene with the smarmily smiling wife would seem to give female approval to a husband's newly loved boyfriend. It says, "We understand." Indeed, we do.

Midnight Run (1988) is again a comic road movie as well as a buddy movie, but it is a more ambitious melodrama featuring the Mob, the cops, and guns. The bounty-hunting Jack (Robert De Niro as a conflicted Oscar) takes Jonathan (Charles Grodin as a Felix) across the country, and they spend much time handcuffed to each other. The rough, gruff Jack finds that he needs the emotionally insightful and supportive Jonathan to work out his problems with his life as an ex-cop and ex-husband. There is a happy ending, but my question is, how could this odd couple bear to part from each other? The answer would seem to be, with great difficulty.

The dim-witted brothers in *A Night at the Roxbury* (1998) sleep in the same room, though in separate beds. After they are confused by two prostitutes and one sexually aggressive husband-hunter, they wind up back together, those difficult and sexually demanding women repudiated, as though to suggest that incest adds spice to the usual homosexual bliss. I must add that *A Night at the Roxbury* is funny, and we could go on and on about buddy movies, as for example with Robert De Niro (as Oscar again) and Billy Crystal (the name of the type begins with "F") in *Analyze This*, and with too many others, but I think I have made my point. The metastasis of the buddy movie is a substitute for the old battle of the sexes, courtship, cathexis, etc., a substitute for the representation of graphic sex, and subliminal propaganda for the homosexual worldview as well. This hypertrophy is an oblique but decisive step in the feminization of the male as represented in popular entertainment, a result of feminist/homosexual ideology, and a cause of the continued breakdown of the male ego, particularly as that delicate construction is reflected in the teenage mind, the target audience for such films. Or should we rather say that the new Hollywood has given us a more diverse, inclusive vision, breaking down old stereotypes and gender roles? Like Mike Myers playing Linda Richman, I get all *verklempt* just thinking about it.

Feminization is a powerful and pervasive force, and not merely an abstract topic of analysis and speculation. Feminization is the explicit topic of melodrama itself—it is what the audience expects to hear addressed. Is there anything else to talk about? Strangely enough, it has manifested itself even in Clint Eastwood movies. In *Sudden Impact*, Dirty Harry was disgusted that Tyne Daly was his new partner, in a dramatization of feminist quota blather. But in *Heartbreak Ridge*, the tough sergeant was reading women's magazines, trying to get in touch with his feminine side and figure out Marsha Mason. In *Tightrope*, Clint's character was attracted by the perversities that were the kinky mark of the killer he traced. Was Clint getting in touch with his feelings, exploring his sexuality, or trying to tap the female market? And what is the difference anyway?

But wait a minute. Feminization is not enough. The further degradation on the way to dehumanization is not feminization but infantilism, and that has been the obsession of other and more brilliant comedies than the buddy movies I have cited. *Dumb and Dumber* (1994), starring Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels, is a road movie about a pair of moronic losers and roommates, but they are not modeled on Oscar and Felix: Neither of them has that high an intelligence quotient. Mindlessly girl crazy, the dummies in their misadventures cause giggles about every phenomenon of the nursery, toilet training, the indiscipline of the body: There are scenes of playing with food, two routines about urine, one about phlegm, a gross-out scene about induced diarrhea, and so on. The scatology is mixed with heterosexual fantasies which must remain just that for these overgrown babies who lack only diapers and a nanny. This funny movie is nightmarish in its implications—the laughter it provokes must hide more than a little embarrassment, at least some of which might reflect rather than repress the thought that *Dumb and Dumber* is essentially a feminist/lesbian, not a satiric, treatment of masculinity: Men are just babies, after all.

The political implications of moronism should be borne in mind also when viewing the masterpiece (at least so far) of the Coen brothers, Joel and Ethan. *The Big Lebowski* (1998) is an absurdist treatment of contemporary Los Angeles lowlife as well as a wicked parody of Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep* and *Farewell, My Lovely*, or at least of the *films noirs* made from those novels. This point is valuable, for it gives us a measure from the 40's to the 90's of the disintegration of masculinity itself. Chandler's detective hero, Philip Marlowe, combined qualities of integrity and intelligence with strength and honor. His chivalry may have been unavailing, but it was there. Jeff Lebowski, as portrayed by Jeff Bridges, is smart at least twice, when he is not bamboozled by all the milk cocktails he puts

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away, but that is not often. Sucking on drugged milk, mumbling inanities about the 60's, putting his hair up with a pin, lolling on his back instead of sitting up straight, serving as a sperm bank for a pushy feminist, lying in his tub, losing every physical encounter he has with anyone, unemployed and unemployable, this whiny bowling bum is only one hilarious character in a movie full of them. But most important for our purposes, he is no kind of a man. He is literally a baby, perhaps the most passive and put-upon *schlemiel* in the history of film.

I do not think that the Coen brothers meant to advocate any political position when they created Jeff Lebowski—they have instead brilliantly satirized a figure who represents what has already happened in a certain subculture of L.A. Chandler's hero of modest proportions has become the hapless victim of the slightest force—passivity can go no further than the pathetic as well as ridiculous weakness and narcissism of the little Lebowski. As the narrator says in introducing the film and parodying Chandler himself, "Sometimes there's a man . . . The man for his time and place, he fits right in there." We can add that Jeff Lebowski is a member of a trio of losers, a male ménage that has become a twosome, an odd couple, by the end. They wind up hugging and returning to their bowling alley. But having claimed so much for this superbly crafted movie, I have to say also that "the f-word" is used in it more often than in any other film: an average, I think literally, of more than two and a half times a minute. You have been warned.

What does it all mean? Well, let's see. I remember when a professor asked me only half ironically, "What is our place in the world-historical process?" If we could figure out that one, then we might coherently answer. So here is one way of putting it: We live in a world that, instead of projecting a Humphrey Bogart (as not so long ago it did), now lives by the image of Woody Allen whining about not being as heroic and romantic and strong as Humphrey Bogart.

Let's put it another way: Feminism should be seen as a symptom and not a cause of modern decadence, endorsed by men because of lust. The destruction of masculinity is an essentially post-industrial requirement, sponsored by government and justified by science as well as ideology. Playing their part in the destruction, and making a lot of money, movies help in urging the process along. The consumers—that is to say, ourselves—have been complicit in self-destruction, and have cooperated with it, even helping pay for it. The agenda of "change" was identified by Mary Shelley and Nathaniel Hawthorne, among others, a long time ago. Seizure of control of life itself, and of its creation and destruction, is part of a Faustian agenda that has been agreed to again and again by the denizens of democracy. The Gothic tradition, as known to us through the horror movie and the science-fiction flick, speaks to us most powerfully as to the implications of our politics. With her knowing smile, Sigourney Weaver in *Alien Resurrection* has managed to imply both that lesbianism is a Gnostic privilege and that we must become the alien Other.

Watching comedies that are horrible and horror movies that are morally, not only graphically, grotesque, we may perhaps reflect upon the progressive agenda that permeates the *zeitgeist*: feminization, infantilism, dehumanization. Classics like the original *The Thing* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* showed ordinary human love as the last defense against the very dehumanization which is now the ineffable and inevitable goal of the elite who define "popular culture." That's entertainment. Is everybody happy? c

Correct

by Paul Lake

Hermione Herperson examined her conscience
And found herself guiltless on every score:
No unspeakable isms deserved her remonstrance;
Her views were all sound: her tenure, secure.

For holding an endowed chair of English (Romantic)
Only heightened her horror of things hierarchical;
"Woman-centered," she was otherwise wholly uncentric,
Unchauvinistic, and antipatri-otic and -archal.

She had an ardent affection for all things ecological,
Though she never wrote "nature" except in scare quotes,
Her passion being primarily ideological,
Her world's flora and fauna confined to footnotes.

So imagine her shock when a large pregnant rat
Eyed her back from a shelf, and her first inclination
Wasn't pacifist-anarchist, but a cruel-intemperate
Policy of total annihilation.

She sat on the couch till the first impulse passed,
Then decided that permanent cohabitation
Was far better than having the poor creature gassed
Like some conscienceless Nazi or cold corporation.

Passing months brought the small pitter-patter of feet
To nerve-torturing heights as Hermione graded theses,
Teeth clenched, till a step caused their sudden retreat,
Leaving bare kitchen floors punctuated with feces.

As she skimmed yet another stiff hair from her tea,
Hermione wondered, Could this be the source of disease
That had plagued her for weeks? then recalled dizzily
The vague aches, the odd swellings in knuckles and knees,

Growing hot with alarm . . . Or perhaps it was fever!
She flew to the nearest emergency room,
Where the doctors tried every known cure to relieve her,
Drugging her into a nightmare delirium

In which Hermione had such a startling vision
Of militant lymphocyte and macrophage
Furiously deploying, division after division,
In xenophobic frenzy, and so fierce to engage,

She recoiled in shock from her body's defenses,
Which seemed to her now like angry white men—
Or quarreling factions at feminist conferences—
And rejecting the doctors' too-rigorous regimen,

She surrendered to sleep, in which razor-beaked vultures,
Deconstructed her flesh and unraveled her brain;
Her body became a host to diverse cultures,
And, ungendered, unclassed, slipped being's binding chain.

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G.I. Jane

I Love a Gal in a Uniform

by Christopher Check

Stephen Wardle Anderson

DESFIREX, the Desert Firing Exercise, is a semi-annual celebration of cordite, steel, white phosphorous, and sand held at the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center in Twenty Nine Palms, California. During the weeks before, the howitzers and trucks are prepared for the field: They are rushed through a maintenance pipeline that at all other times of the year moves at a snail's pace. Marines suddenly "find" the missing spare parts that the Corps' byzantine supply system has not been able to produce for months: everything from Humvee door handles and windshields to the red tube lights which fasten to the gun barrels and make the cannons legal for the freeway journey from the back gate of Camp Pendleton to the high desert three hours away.

Eleven years ago, I was a second lieutenant experiencing my first DESFIREX. I was running "the box," or Fire Direction Center (FDC). Here—in a seeming chaos of computers, radios, field telephones, maps, slide rules, and charts—is, as Freddy Cannon put it, where the action is. At the eye of the storm is the Fire Direction Officer (FDO), whose command triggers the "mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit."

My first trip to the desert as an FDO was a baptism of fire, thanks largely to a battery commander fond of quoting (he claimed) Frederick the Great: "A soldier's enemy in peacetime is his commanding officer." We got Frederick the Great when things were running like clockwork. More often the battery commander's voice came booming over the landline: "Lieutenant Check! Come and see me when you get your FDC unf---ed!" In time I did, by the grace of God and with the patient help of a first-rate Ops Chief, a "field Marine" if ever there was one: a squat staff sergeant as skilled at training second lieutenants as he was at trigonometry and smuggling Jim Beam to the field.

For one of my fellow lieutenants, however, the exercise almost meant the end of his career. He was the Assistant Regimental Communications Officer. In that billet, he was forced to tolerate something infinitely more unpleasant than a battery commander who took seriously the job of preparing his officers for war: Women Marines, a.k.a. "WM's"—the American military's foremost oxymoron.

Female radio operators and technicians are permitted to serve with artillery units in the Marine Corps at the regimental level (which is sufficiently removed from the fray, goes the justification). My friend had a half-dozen such WM's under his care. On this trip to the desert, one of them came down with the sniffles or a stomachache (not uncommon when women go to the field) and convinced the corpsman to medivac her. My friend carried her ALICE pack up to the landing zone as she shuffled along behind him. Dumping the pack on the sand at the edge of the LZ, he turned to her, said, "You owe me one," and left her there to await the incoming helicopter.

Three weeks later, back at Camp Pendleton, he found himself standing on the carpet in front of the regimental commander's desk, responding to the charge that he had told the lady lance corporal that, in exchange for his carrying her pack up the hill to the LZ, she owed him one—well, you fill in the blank.

A story that could have ended badly did not. My friend had a reputation as a solid officer; the WM in question had another sort of reputation; and the man who ran the 11th Marine Regi-

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ment had all the powers of discernment—if not all the guts—that you would hope to find in a bird colonel. Nevertheless, the WM went without reprimand for her calumny, and the event only served to reinforce the low opinion held by the vast majority of Marines of their sisters-in-arms.

Readers may regard the story as anecdotal and as no proof that women do not belong in the Marines, but I have dozens more: There are the WMs, great with child, marching along in their maternity uniforms (yes, there is such a thing); the girl recruit who flat-out refused to navigate a night compass course because she was afraid of the dark; the girl lieutenant at the Basic School at Quantico who burst into tears when she "went unq" (failed to qualify) with the 9mm Berretta (a remarkably forgiving pistol), and her Staff Platoon Commander (a girl captain) who consoled the distraught young officer by giving her a hug right there at the pistol range.

Those are my stories. If you need more, check out the invaluable work of journalist Brian Mitchell or talk to any officer or enlisted man who has resigned his commission because he is weary of watching unqualified women coddled, promoted, and given choice assignments—to say nothing of watching them drive their airplanes into the sides of aircraft carriers—while morale and readiness continue to decline. Collect as many stories as you wish about the ill effect on morale and unit cohesion caused by the sexual integration of the Armed Forces. Present the seabagful of evidence to your representatives in Washington—but do not expect the aggressive recruitment and integration of women into the military to subside.

The Republican front-runner, George W. Bush, has already proclaimed his enthusiasm for a sexually integrated military, and he is only the latest in a long line of Republicans whom we can thank for our feminized Armed Forces: men like Pete Du Pont, who as a congressman sponsored the legislation to enroll girls at the service academies, and Ronald Reagan, who emasculated the Code of Conduct for POW's, changing the preamble from "I am an American fighting man" to "I am an American fighting for my country." Do not forget former Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Gen. John Shalikashvili's 1996 statement: "I don't want to prophesy . . . but my sense is we are on a countdown to the days when there won't be a position in the military that women can't and won't occupy."

The general is right, but if you want a glimpse of the sexually integrated force of the future, do not look to Hollywood. A few enthusiastic amazons like Demi Moore's *G.I. Jane* may sign up, but they will hardly be the rule. (As it is, half of the women who enlist today fail to complete their service contract.) Nor will the military look like the combat units featured in the recent film version of Robert Heinlein's novel *Starship Troopers*, in which women in the distant future serve alongside men right down to the fire-team level, pilot the same spaceships as men (though with greater skill), heft the same massive machine guns, and wrestle with the same giant space bugs threatening Earth's existence. Women will also shower alongside men (no one will think anything of it) and love will flow freely in the coed squad bays (on this last count, the film may prove uncannily accurate).

Hollywood's fantasies about the sexually integrated Armed Forces are no sillier than those of United Nations doctrinaires who see women in the military as a mechanism for "break[ing] down traditional views and stereotypes of women in countries and local communities where they serve among peacekeepers." The lead article in the December 1995 edition of *Women 2000*, a monthly published by the U.N.'s Division for the Advancement of Women, asks, "U.N. peace-keeping: where are the women 'blue helmets?'" In contrast to the accompanying photograph of a grenade-launcher-toting soldierette (no girls-with-guns pinup), the article concludes that women can "make a difference" in peacekeeping missions because they are "often willing to take innovative approaches to establish a dialogue between polarized groups. They sometimes use unorthodox means such as singing to defuse potentially violent situations." Oh, good. We used to sing quite a bit in the Marine Corps, though I am not sure how far "BROWN eyes—GREEN eyes—BLUES eyes—RED! / If it's got slanted eyes, shoot it in the HEAD" would go toward reconciling the polarized.

Readers may find the cadences that Marines sing as they run in formation both coarse and insensitive (they are), but no one could misinterpret their content (killing) and purpose (to concentrate the warrior's mind on killing). Nor could anyone mistake the emphasis of the Marine Corps' (sometimes silly) advertising. Flashing swords and armor-clad knights in close combat with monsters, dragons, and beasts mean that the Corps is in the business of fighting. The other services advertise themselves as places to learn job skills, make your high-school teacher proud of you, and earn money for college. They suffer serious personnel shortages. The Corps does not.

The Republican front-runner, George W. Bush, has already proclaimed his enthusiasm for a sexually integrated military, and he is only the latest in a long line of Republicans whom we can thank for our feminized Armed Forces.

For now, that is. After all, New Age fantasy battles that take place on giant chessboards de-emphasize the reality of killing, as does discouraging such gruesome chants as "NAAAY-palm-sticks-to-kids!" Perhaps more slowly than the other services, but surely as steadily, the Corps is reshaping itself into the sexually integrated force foretold by Shalikashvili. The result, however, will not be a force of Amazons or song leaders, or even a gang of sisters that fight like girls. Any of these would be preferable to the androgynous military of the future, which will be characterized neither by the bull dyke cranking out chin-ups nor by the vixen traded around the barracks, but by an unwillingness to embrace the purpose of the military and the central fact of war: killing.

From an American perspective (if that phrase still makes sense), warfare has already become so denatured by the presence of women that we are unwilling to commit any forces, male or female, to ground combat. We are often told that our servicemen (or, in today's parlance, the unsettling "service-

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members") are put "in harm's way." They rarely are. Well out of range of the antiquated weapons systems of our alleged enemies, our "brave men and women in harm's way" launch missiles from ships positioned over the horizon and drop bombs from planes 10,000 feet in the air. Our military today is farther removed from the kill than is a jealous wife who hires a hit man to off her unfaithful husband.

Not witnesses to the kill, our servicemen begin to believe that they are not really in the killing business. Other lies follow: everything from "humanitarian" and "peacekeeping" missions, which bring nothing but strife, to "childcare centers" void of any real care for children. (The Armed Forces are already the nation's largest operator of institutional daycare.) When we must admit to killing, we speak as antiseptically as we think we act. "Surgical bombing"—what an oxymoron!

Some pilots may protest that they are fully aware of the nature of their work, but their arguments do not square with the testimony of a Canadian pilot interviewed last April by the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. (Canada is an ideal cultural barometer for estimating how close we will be to the abyss in ten years.) Did the pilot think about the people whom he was killing with his bombs? "No." What was his chief concern? "Discharging [his] payload and returning to base." (Images of another joyless activity come to mind.)

Waging war so far from the kill does little to reduce the military might of those whom we bomb. We now know that for all the tonnage we dropped on the Serbs, we left Milosevic's army largely intact. Talk about denatured warfare: Most of the vehicles and tanks we bombed were decoys, and most of the people we killed or maimed were noncombatants. What is more, according to Hillary Clinton's biographer, Gail Sheehy, it was the First *Lady* who ordered the bombing.

Noncombatants, of course, are the chief victims of our other chosen method of denatured warfare: the embargo. How many hundreds of thousands of Iraqi and Serb women, children, and elderly have suffered and died because of our courageous act of denying them the things they need to live? (I understand that my countrymen in Slovakia—who are still real men—have thumbed their noses at the "international community" and are selling electricity to the Serbs this winter.)

Is there any hope of reversing the march toward a military unwilling and unable to fight a real fight? Getting women out of the force is the first step, but on this point, conservatives have erred in arguing with the feminists in technical terms. As long as conservatives object to women in the military on the grounds that they cannot throw a hand grenade beyond its blast radius, or hump a 70-pound pack, or fasten a pistol belt around a pregnant belly, the feminists will always have a technical response: more arm curls, a lighter hand grenade, longer web belts, and "besides, war nowadays is more about pushing buttons and looking at screens than it is about mud and bayonets and charging machine-gun nests."

When feminists make the case for women in uniform, they argue from what they regard as a moral position. They speak in terms of right and wrong, not of combat readiness. It is wrong to deny women the opportunity to serve their country. It is right for women to enjoy the same advantages that men do. Conservatives need to respond in kind: It is immoral for a nation to send its daughters, wives, sisters, and mothers to war. We have forgotten that it is immoral because we have been convinced that it is something other than an act of killing. We should remind ourselves before we are reminded.

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"All the News Unfit to Print"

Signs of the Times

Vol. 2 No. 2 February 2000

"Spectacular fiasco for the organizers . . . a damning verdict on globalization that ignores its own consequences" was *Le Monde*'s assessment (December 2) of the World Trade Organization summit in Seattle. Dozens of dailies all over the world concurred. But the reporting of this event, its background, and the accompanying protests in the "mainstream" American media provided another depressing example of information management at its most brazenly manipulative.

Even before the conference, as tens of thousands of anti-WTO activists accompanied 130 trade ministers to Seattle, the news coverage anticipating the protests shed little light on the specific charges against the WTO. Typically misleading was a November 1 article in *U.S. News & World Report* that equated opposition to the WTO with opposition to "trade" in general—but, happily, "the movement against free trade seems to have little traction in the United States . . . All major presidential candidates support free trade and the WTO."

Most pre-summit reports claimed that the WTO sought to "open up" trade around the globe and that its detractors were "anti-trade" eccentrics. ABC's Peter Jennings said that "it seems as though every group with every complaint from every corner of the world is represented in Seattle this week." The Associated Press called protesters' concerns "far-fetched." Dan Rather noted that the WTO had "ruled on many environmental issues"—thus implying that it was not indifferent to such issues—but did not note that the WTO has ruled *against* environmental restrictions in every single case that has come before it.

For the real score, one had to go to the internet. Dean Baker's feature in FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting, *www.fair.org/err/991108.html*) pointed out that the WTO's model of global trade is anything but "free":

> While its rules are designed to facilitate foreign investment, such as a U.S. auto manufacturer building a factory in Indonesia, in other areas the WTO has taken little action to facilitate trade, while in some areas its rules are intended to impede free trade. In the case of professional services, such as those provided by doctors, lawyers and other highly paid professionals, the WTO has done virtually nothing to facilitate international trade and competition.

In his new book, Francis Fukuyama, an unabashed fan of the WTO, confirms what critics of the organization have long feared:

> The WTO is the only international organization that stands any chance of evolving into an institution of global governance, setting rules not only for how countries will trade and invest with one another, but also for how they will deal with issues like labor standards and the environment.

The U.S. media's agitprop was immediately exposed by journalists from other countries. "TV networks turn a blinkered camera to the violence" read a headline in the *Independent* (December 2):

> Anyone who switched on the television in the second half of Tuesday, wondering what was happening in Seattle . . . would have been little the wiser. The dozens of network and cable stations that shelved regular programming to show . . . the O J Simpson car chase, the phalanxes of terrified children running out of Columbine High School and the office complex in Atlanta where a gunman was on the loose, offered viewers precisely nothing. The time billed for the World Trade Organization's opening ceremony, frequently announced beforehand, came and went without the barest acknowledgement that it had been postponed because delegates were held up by street demonstrations.

Instead of showing clips of the demonstrations, or an interview with a demonstrator or a delegate, hour upon hour of vacuous fill-in programs followed on all major networks, obviously reflecting a conscious editorial decision:

> News bulletins were led by the previous day's discovery of suspected mass graves in Mexico. If the disturbances in Seattle figured at all, it was in snatches, lower down the newscast. By late evening, when the governor of Washington state had declared a state of emergency and announced that the National Guard would be dispatched the next morning, a number of cable news stations were showing footage, or rather snippets, of the Seattle mayhem, most of it edited. . . . There was no live, open-ended coverage of the "battle in Seattle" on American television; it was not until [a day later] that viewers were shown the scale of the disturbances, by which time it was history, and edited.

That all major networks suppressed the news from Seattle was noted at home, too, but only on the internet—and none did so more bitingly than Matt Drudge (*www.freerepublic.com*, December 1):

> Imagine, if you will, that an explosion rocks Pristina. You just know Christiane Amanpour would rush to the airwaves in breaking news urgency, with onions under her fingernails,

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> reporting the sound of the atom splitting. Jamie would be feeding the script in her ear from State.

What was going on in the country's newsrooms? ABC's Seattle affiliate was frank enough to announce, even before the conference opened, that it would "not devote coverage to irresponsible or illegal activities of disruptive groups," adding that it was "taking a stand on not giving some protest groups the publicity they want." In a revealing choice of words, news director Joe Barnes described civil disobedience as "illegally disrupting the commerce of the city."

The magnitude of protests that greeted President Clinton during his tour of the Balkans—ten days before the "battle in Seattle"—was also unfit to print. The streets of Athens exploded with tens of thousands of demonstrators, forcing the unprecedented last-minute postponement of Clinton's visit. This prompted the *Times* of London to comment (November 12) that the Greek fiasco "has compounded the impression of a presidency stumbling rather than striding into its final lap." Clinton himself smugly referred to some "communists and anarchists" in an interview, thus revealing his total incomprehension of the Greek nation's view of him and his policies in Kosovo and Cyprus. To make Mr. Clinton's visit possible, a week later, the Greek government had to introduce sweeping restrictions on public gatherings. As the AP reported on November 16:

> Police banned demonstrations and protest marches in large parts of Athens, saying Tuesday that it was necessary to protect President Clinton during his visit to Greece. The 26-hour ban . . . is the most severe restriction on protests since the fall of military rule 25 years ago. The chief of the Athens metropolitan police banned all open-air gatherings and protest marches on routes stretching from Athens international airport to the U.S. embassy, located 10 miles away.

But when Mr. Clinton eventually arrived on a 24-hour stop ("like a thief in the night" according to *Elefterios Tipos*) the protests—and violence—exceeded anything seen in Greece since the 1960's. Across the Aegean in Turkey (his previous stop), police beat and arrested hundreds of protesters. In Ankara, many now await trial under draconian Turkish laws against "illegal protests." "Turkish Anti-Clinton Protesters Face Jail," the AP reported on November 17:

> A Turkish court charged 113 leftists with illegally protesting against President Clinton—a charge carrying up to three years jail—during his current visit in which he has called for greater freedom of speech. Television pictures on Monday showed riot police beating the demonstrators and forcing them onto buses. Clinton was meanwhile telling the Turkish parliament he wanted to see greater freedom of speech and respect for human rights in Turkey.

In Sofia, the Bulgarians tasted police oppression unseen since the days of Todor Zhivkov's "real socialism." The "pro-Western" government wanted to present the best possible face to the guest. But many Bulgarians, appalled by the NATO bombing, fear that they may be next. To preempt them, the government issued a blanket ban on all anti-Clinton protests, even peaceful ones, in clear violation of the country's constitution. Over 100 people were arrested when they tried to demonstrate. One of them was Blagovesta Doncheva, a former anticommunist dissident who has written about the country's suffering under the new regime, including a recent op-ed piece for the *New York Times*. In a reminder that old habits die hard in ex-communist countries, she was brutally arrested and thrown into a mental ward "for observation." She was released after Clinton's departure and described her experiences (*www.emperorsclothes.com*):

> If they [the Bulgarian police] order to a protesting citizen: *"Get out of that area!"* (the pavement outside the US Embassy in Sofia), and the addressed person dares to say: *"No, I will not. You are trying to infringe on my constitutional right to protest according to Article 39, paragraph 1 of the Bulgarian Constitution"*—that is "inadequate behavior." Another, more serious sign of inadequate behavior (i.e. mental disorder): You choose to resist their attempts to push you into the police jeep, but your possibilities for resistance are deplorably limited: you are a woman in your fifties, and they are healthy and strong young men.

Opposition in the Balkans to Mr. Clinton and all that he embodies goes well beyond "communists and anarchists." It reflects the unease of people all over the world with what America has done, and what it has become. There is some comfort in the fact that people as different as Greeks, Bulgars, and Turks are growing apprehensive of the forces at work.

In *Al-Ahram Weekly* ("The globalisation brigade marches on," November 18), Gamil Mattar wrote that, after the Age of Divinity and the Age of Reason, we are being inexorably pushed into the globalist Age of Certainty. *Al-Ahram* concluded that the ongoing "assault on any glimmerings of national culture, the barrage of drivel and misinformation channeled through the ever-expanding media" is the harbinger of a new totalitarianism:

> The state is besieged increasingly by demands to ignore the principle of national unity based on a shared culture, history and fate, and . . . to adopt the principle of cultural plurality . . . They overlook these tenets, however, when preaching the inevitability of globalisation. The world is racing headlong toward a new monolithic ideology, which heralds a new totalitarianism far more dangerous than all those of the 20th century. The strident and aggressive campaign for globalisation brooks no resistance, no dissenting ideas, . . . no free and open global dialogue on the notions of political and cultural plurality. As such, it has come to depend on a propagandist style that the West viewed with derision as long as it profited the communist machine.

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Waugh Stories

by George McCartney

"A shriller note could now be heard rising from Sir Alastair's rooms;
any who have heard that sound will shrink at the recollection of it;
it is the sound of the English county families baying for broken glass."
—Evelyn Waugh, *Decline and Fall*

The Complete Stories of Evelyn Waugh
by Evelyn Waugh
Boston: Little, Brown and Company;
536 pp., $29.95

◆

Two vignettes illustrate Evelyn Waugh's character. One has to do with art; the other, protocol. In 1951, Evelyn Waugh commissioned a painting depicting the interior of a plane's cabin. At Waugh's direction, all the passengers' faces are contorted in various expressions of horror. The implication is unavoidable. The plane is moments away from crashing. Upon seeing it in Waugh's home, a guest wondered aloud if people might find it shocking. Waugh gleefully replied, "I hope so."

As for protocol, Waugh was so committed to the pre-Vatican II Lenten discipline that he carried a tiny scale with him when dining away from home. Whether visiting friends or a restaurant, he would produce his scale at the dinner table and weigh his portions to ensure they did not exceed the requirements of the season's fasting regulations.

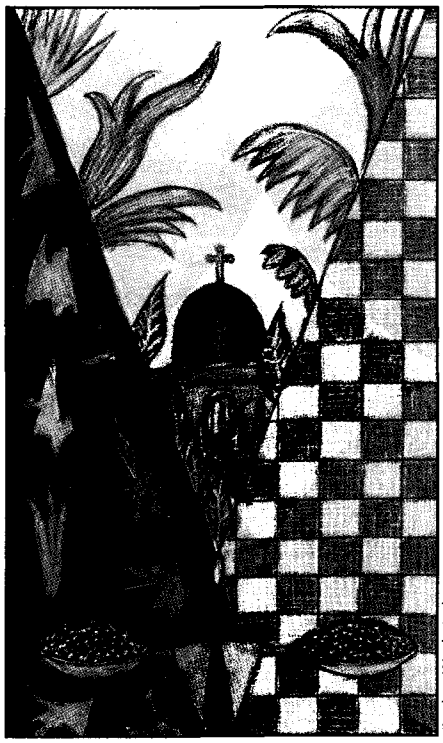
Shocking excess, on one hand; scrupulous fussing, on the other: These were the poles that bounded Waugh's life. He was, in short, a man of extremes, mischievously provocative one moment and unwaveringly austere the next. It was this inner tension that made him preternaturally alert to the struggle between anarchy and order in the world at large. When Waugh attended a Paris art exhibit in 1929, he was particularly fascinated by the contrast between two of the works on display. One was a surrealistic effort by Max Ernst; the other, a Cubist work by Francis Picabia. He reports that they:

> hung cheek by jowl, these two abstract pictures, the one so defiant and chaotic, probing with such fierce intensity into every crevice and convolution of negation, the other so delicately poised, so impossibly tidy, discarding so austerely every accident, however agreeable that could tempt disorder. [They] seemed between them to typify the continual conflict of modern society.

Waugh's interest in these paintings is not difficult to understand. Their "continual conflict" between chaotic energy and tidy poise marked the fault line from which his creativity sprung. They represented his own personal dialectic, a tension that equipped him to render satirically an age in which, according to Father Rothschild, S.J., in *Vile Bodies*, "a radical instability" had provoked "an almost fatal hunger for permanence."

The experts in our century have provided us with plenty of ideological maps, but Waugh was convinced that what people really need is a reliable compass. He found his in the Roman Catholic Church. It provided him the absolute coordinates he craved. This does not mean he stayed on course throughout his journey; but he had the grace never to pretend to be a saint or even reasonably good. His son Auberon supplies a vivid instance. During the rationing mania following World War II, some British bureaucrats hit upon the notion of allotting one banana per child to households throughout the isles. At the time, this meant three bananas for the Waughs, the family not having reached its full six-child dimensions yet. When the fruit arrived and was placed on the luncheon table, the children sat down eagerly. They then submitted quietly to the spectacle of their father slicing all three bananas into a bowl and, after adding cream and sugar, eating them himself. A lesson in the unforeseen consequences of good intentions, perhaps.

From that day, Auberon continues, he never took seriously anything his father had to say about morality. Quite right. We do not go to Waugh for preaching. We turn to him for his abundant and ev-



Stephen Wardle Anderson

George McCartney is the author of Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition *(Indiana University Press, 1987).*

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er fertile wit, his superb mastery of the language, and, if we hang around long enough, his insight into human nature and its relation to eternity. You do not have to be nice to deliver these goods; in fact, niceness might get in the way. It certainly does in Waugh's fiction, where his rogues are infinitely more interesting than his decent characters.

As many have noticed, the tension between Waugh's orthodox and wayward selves gave his mature fiction its distinctively bracing character. Now, with the publication of his complete stories, including the juvenilia and undergraduate efforts, in one volume, we can see how this troubling dialectic was his literary inspiration from the beginning of his career onward. It should be noted that many of these works seem to be warm-ups for his longer fiction. Almost all are very good, but with the exception of five, they are not pure Waugh.

His first published fiction in 1926 is appropriately entitled "The Balance." We meet Adam Doure (no one named characters better than Waugh) a distraught young artist whose failed courtship with an equally young lady of aristocratic lineage has turned him suicidal. (Waugh was 23 when he wrote this story, and it reworks his own difficulties in courting Evelyn Gardner, whose mother, Lady Burghclere, disapproved of him for all the predictable reasons.) At the conclusion of a night of wild drunkenness, Adam attempts to poison himself only to be saved when convulsions force him to vomit the chemical potion out his window. When he finally collects his wits, he walks out into the countryside and, pausing on a footbridge, has a conversation with his reflection in a pond. He concludes that his romantic torment was founded on nothing more substantial than a passing dream. His reflection inquires, "Is the balance of life and death so easily swayed?" He replies, "It is the balance of appetite and reason. The reason remains constant—the appetite varies." He then tells his double that he will devote himself to his art, with which he will attempt "to preserve in the shapes of things the personality whose dissolution you foresee inevitably. . . . That is the balance." It is a young man's story done up in a self-consciously arty manner by having the narrative told as though it were a silent film complete with title cards. Without being a success itself, the work indicates the direction Waugh was to take. The film conceit allowed him to keep his narrator calmly detached from the emotional turmoil he reports while at the same time indicating a longing for some principle of permanence.

There were others who had deployed the unruffled narrator to comic effect—Wilde, Saki, Firbank, Wodehouse—but Waugh perfected the device. Reporting every possible excess and wayward lunacy, his early narrative voice never abandons the civilized precincts of flawlessly measured prose. Even in a trifle like "Period Piece," this technique makes something special of his portrait of Lady Amelia, an elderly widow trained to refinement but inclined to vulgarity.

Lady Amelia had been educated in the belief that it was the height of impropriety to read a novel in the morning. Now, in the twilight of her days, when she has little to occupy the two hours between her appearance downstairs at quarter past 11:00, hatted and fragrant with lavender water, and the announcement of luncheon, she adheres rigidly to this principle. Once luncheon is over, however, she feels at liberty to indulge her recently acquired passion for American authors "in the school of brutal realism and gross slang." As her secretary reads to her in "delicately modulated tones enunciating page by page, in a scarcely comprehensible idiom, the narratives of rape and betrayal, Lady Amelia occasionally chuckle[s] over her woolwork."

In "Incident in Azania," Waugh's voice manages to walk the border between civilization and savagery to wonderfully ironic effect. The subplot concerns British colonists in Africa who never let emotion interfere with good form. When natives bent on extortion kidnap a missionary and send his "right ear loosely done up in newspaper and string" to the consulate, the colonists exhibit admirable restraint. After expressing some concern,

> the life of the town began to resume its normal aspect—administration, athletics, gossip; the American missionary's second ear arrived and attracted little notice, except from Mr. Youkoumian, who produced an ear trumpet which he attempted to sell the mission headquarters.

Nothing more is heard of the unfortunate missionary until the story's close, when we learn in a passing aside that his "now memberless trunk . . . has been found at the gates of the Baptist compound." Faced with this news, the British commanding officer promises to take action. "I am going to make a report of the entire matter," he gamely declares.

Waugh frequently set his stories in primitive locales because, as he explained, his literary sense came alive in "distant and barbarous places," especially at "the borderlands of conflicting cultures and states of development, where ideas uprooted from their traditions, become oddly changed in transplantation." This is not surprising. The savagery and civilization he discovered thriving side by side on his excursions to Abyssinia, Kenya, and Brazil were sure to intrigue one so divided between the appeals of order and anarchy within himself. And the contrast is generally not flattering to Europeans. When a new young lady arrives in Azania, she is put through a sly but rigorous examination by the community's established ladies that is far more excruciating than what the local native girls must endure in their own rites of passage. As

> the Sakuya women chanted their primeval litany of initiation, [a] no less terrible ceremony was held over Mrs. Lepperidge's tea table. First the questions; disguised and delicate over the tea cake but quickening in their pace as the tribal rhythm waxed high . . . falling faster and faster like ecstatic hands on the taut cowhide, mounting and swelling.

For Waugh, barbarism was never a matter of geography or race, as he made clear in "Out of Depth." On a visit to London, a wealthy American meets a mysterious magician who sends him 500 years into the future to discover that Englishmen have regressed to the primitive life of tribal hunters. Their rudimentary social and economic organization is provided with whatever tenuous stability it has by the armed benevolence of African imperialists who provide not only a source of social order but also spiritual sustenance, as the 20th-century visitor learns during a reverse "Heart of Darkness" trip up the Thames River. In the wilderness, he detects

> something familiar; a shape in chaos . . . something was being done . . . that twenty-five centuries had not altered. In a log built

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> church . . . he was squatting [with] . . . disheveled white men [who] were staring ahead with vague, uncomprehending eyes, to the end of the room where two candles burned. The priest turned towards them his bland, black face. "Ite, missa est."

By 1933, the church had become Waugh's "shape in chaos," the principle of permanence he had first sought in his artistic vocation without satisfaction. As he would say when *Brideshead Revisited* was published in 1946, God is the determining factor in human life, and writers who do not address this reality cannot hope to write significantly. (How poignantly Waugh's faith in the permanence of the Church's liturgy rings today. No wonder he prayed for the strength not to apostatize some 30 years after writing "Out of Depth" when Vatican II put an end to the Latin Mass.)

The collection includes another jungle story, "The Man Who Liked Dickens," which later became the basis for what many acclaim as Waugh's best novel, *A Handful of Dust*. Here in its original form, this narrative concerns Paul Henty, a well-bred young Englishman who chooses a year's adventure in the Amazon jungle to escape the embarrassment of being cuckolded once again by his faithless wife. After his expedition falls apart and he is deserted by his native guides, he contracts disease and wanders the jungle deliriously until he stumbles into a backwater village run by Mr. McMaster, a half-breed illiterate with an unlikely passion for Dickens. McMaster nurses Henty back to health and then introduces him to his edition of the collected works of the Victorian novelist. "You shall read to me when you're better," he announces. It takes the dim Henty weeks to realize this is not a request but an order. The barbarous illiterate intends to hold on to his civilized captive in order to satisfy his obsession with Victorian sentimentality. Henty finds himself reading Dickens' novels, while McMaster ruminates on their significance. "Do you believe in God?" his jailer asks one day. "I never really thought about it much," Henty replies. McMaster's rejoinder is withering: "Dickens did."

In this early form, the narrative works quite well as an ironic tale; but in *A Handful of Dust*, Henty's fate becomes emblematic of what Waugh took to be the civilized person's dereliction of duty. Henty becomes Tony Last, the last gentleman. He is decent, kind, well-meaning, but finally feckless. Having spent his life supporting the forms of the tradition in which he was raised, he has never examined the premise on which they were built. For Waugh, culture and tradition are merely sentimental indulgences unless they are understood to be the means through which we seek God. We are made to feel that, for his shallow, uninformed nostalgia, Tony meets his appropriate end. He is doomed to the Sisyphean task of reading Dickens over and over again to his Brazilian captor who, despite his madness, takes the basis of Western civilization far more seriously than Tony ever did.

Underlying all these stories is the conviction Waugh elaborated in 1939. Knowing something of history and himself, he argued that "the anarchic elements in society are so strong that it is a whole-time task to keep the peace . . . [for] barbarism is never finally defeated; given propitious circumstances, men and women who seem quite orderly will commit every conceivable atrocity. . . . We are all potential recruits for anarchy."

In light of these prophetic remarks, I would say Little, Brown's decision to publish these stories has not come a moment too soon. c

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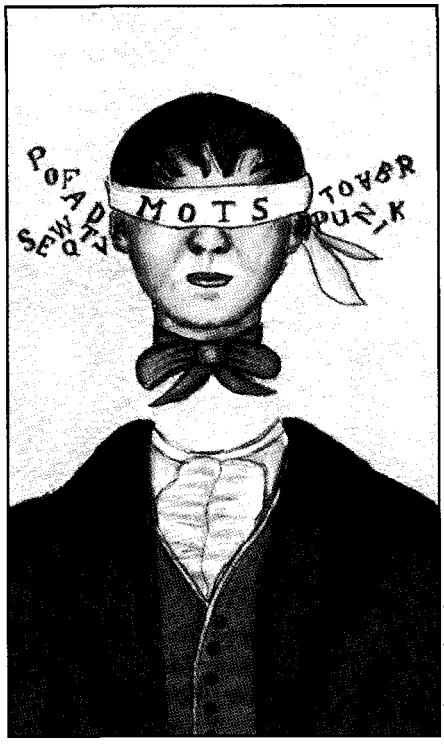
Our Heads Cut Off

by Harold O.J. Brown

"Language is the armory of the human mind; and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests."
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Stephen Wunde Anderson

La Tête coupée: Le Secret du pouvoir
by Arnaud-Aaron Upinsky
Paris: Le Bec; 522 pp., 149 francs

◆

This remarkable French mathematician has written extensively on what he considers the fundamental spiritual problem of our day, the perversion of language, which he believes is related to the perversion of mathematics, a topic that he explored in an earlier book. In the present work, Upinsky's thesis is simple: Since the days of the Greek philosophers, Western intellectual history has been marked by a clash of two different languages, "true language" and "strong language." True language is the language of the real or—in Upinsky's terminology—of realism, the goal of which is to impart a truthful view of reality. Strong language is the language of nominalism, a language in which words are merely *nomina*—names or symbols designed to influence belief and behavior.

While the conflict between true and strong language is age-old, in our era strong language is being effectively honed so that its dominance becomes ever more complete. The result is that we who listen have "our heads cut off": That is, we are unable to use them for the purpose to which they were designed—namely, to think. Upinsky's insight is kin to that expressed by George Orwell in the imagined totalitarian society of *1984*, in which the official language, Newspeak, is made mandatory in order to prevent people from resorting to Oldthink.

Something similar has already been accomplished in Sweden and Norway, where old language forms have been changed, as it were, by government decree in order to simplify the language, or (in the latter case) to distinguish it for nationalistic purposes from the heavily Danish-tinged Norwegian of the old literary classes. In the Scandinavian countries, it is not apparent that any goal other than "modernization" is in view.

The largest Germanic country has given us a prime example of the use of strong language to manipulate public opinion and make people willing to endure the otherwise unendurable. In *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, Hannah Arendt described the imposition of Newspeak, or *Neudeutsch*, as we might call it, under the Nazis. She called it "language rules." Shipment to an extermination camp, for example, was called "resettlement in the East," while the buses that transported the sick and handicapped to the institution where they would be euthanized bore the identifying inscriptions, "Charitable Association for the Transport of the Sick."

A wonderful example of the imposition of strong language in our own time is the mental climate that legalized abortion has created, in which the reality of the act has faded from view behind the word "choice." It is not impossible to use true language to speak of abortion: The Germans, following their experience with *Neudeutsch* under Hitler, have dared to do it. In a 1975 decision, the German Federal Constitutional Court wrote, "The usual language, termination of pregnancy, cannot conceal the fact that abortion is a homicidal act." That is the undeniable truth, but such real language is hardly acceptable today in the United States, where "homicide" has been replaced by "choice," a neutral term with great popular appeal. (Even

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anti-abortionists have submitted to behavior modification to the extent that they regularly refer to their pro-abortion opponents as "pro-choice.") "Strong" language—replacing a true word, abortion, with a manipulative word, choice—conceals the reality of prenatal homicide and induces masses of people who actually detest abortion to accept it, for the reason that opposing it would be to oppose "choice." The language of choice, however, is used in our society only where it serves the purposes of power: In today's America, smoking is not a matter for "choice," nor is gun ownership.

Upinsky offers a number of examples from French history and contemporary France in proof of his thesis. "The great systems of our day function in fact on the reverse of language: the majority is only a minority; equality implies disparity; the 'will of the people' is only that of one party; the presumption of the innocence of an accused person is only a myth; representative government is only a fiction, etc." If, moving beyond France, we look at the U.S. presidential election of 1996, we see what Upinsky means: Fewer than half of the eligible voters voted, and slightly fewer than half of those voted for Bill Clinton, who won the presidency thanks to the support of a minority of a minority, of less than 25 percent. He became president, and he rules. Articles of impeachment were passed by a majority of the House of Representatives and one article was approved, albeit with fear and trembling, by over half of the Senate, where a two-thirds majority is required: There, too, minority ruled. President Clinton has named two justices to the Supreme Court, five out of nine members of which suffice to void the laws of 50 states; in *Roe* v. *Wade*, decided seven to two, the will of seven old men prevailed over a nation of 200 million.

Upinsky wants us to see things as they are. Then it may be possible to wake from our slumber and deal realistically with reality. He contends that:

> it is indispensable to develop our powers of observation, our visual acuity and our hearing. We have to train ourselves to disconnect our *eye*—which has to follow the facts—and our *ear*—which has to follow the discussion. Thus we shall succeed in distinguishing the movement of facts from the movement of words, and in seeing that today there are two systems that operate in opposite ways. This was the central contradiction of the [French] Revolution: the coexistence of the speculative discourse on the Rights of Man with the operational discourse of the Terror.

Upinsky considers Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose thinking influenced the French Revolution, a major architect of the perversion of language. It was Rousseau who frankly stated that the proclaimed goal of liberty actually destroys the bonds that tie individuals to one another and to small groups and puts them entirely at the disposal of the state. The goal of every system of government, Rousseau wrote, must be the greatest common good, reducible to two principal objects, liberty and equality: "Liberty, because every particular dependency is that much power taken by force from the body of the State, and equality, because liberty cannot exist without it." Were we paying attention when he told us what these noble-sounding words really meant?

What Upinsky calls the "Jacobin Bible" makes it plain that the promises of liberty and equality can be used as tools to establish the absolute totalitarian state, i.e., the state that recognizes no legitimate bonds outside of itself. In the United States today, "security" and "safety" serve as strong language to give our state ever greater power.

The state that claims to enforce only the *volonté générale*, the "general will," can place demands on every citizen which the absolutist monarchs were unable to achieve on the basis of their royal will. What Louis XIV (the "Sun King" who said, "*L'état, c'est moi*") could not do—namely, establish universal military conscription in France—the Republic, expressing the *volonté générale*, quickly did. What the French people would not permit the king to do to them because it would violate their traditional rights, they promptly did to themselves—a strange result of the quest for "liberty" and "equality."

(Speaking of the French Revolution, Upinsky notes the power of the impersonal word *on*, or "one." "One saw the monarchy impotent . . . one grew indignant . . . and one overthrew it." Six months later, "one grew uneasy," "one feared that the Girondins lacked the necessary energy," "one outlawed them." In American English, we do not use the word "one" like this, but in place of the impersonal "one," we have the anonymous opinion poll, in which the opinion of some chosen small sample of several hundred people sways the votes of the 100 senators who chart the destiny of 260 million Americans.)

La tête coupée is an extremely thorough and complex book, reaching back to the experience of Greece and Rome and examining French history from the beginning of the monarchy down to the present day. It may well be described as "thrilling," as *Le Figaro* called it, yet the extremely detailed symbolic analysis of French history and institutions would be hard to translate into English. An abridged translation, if widely read, could be tremendously valuable in helping Americans understand the extent to which we, too, have *la tête coupée*. Strong language defeats true language, in which majority does not mean minority. If this awful fact could penetrate American consciousness at every level—the political, the educational, the journalistic, and the judicial—there might be a chance for us yet to defeat the forces behind linguistic manipulation and to recover a measure of our former freedom and dignity.

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Terms of Revilement

by David B. Kopel

Making a Killing:
The Business of Guns in America
by Tom Diaz
New York: New Press;
258 pp., $25.00

◆

Making a Killing, which may be the most influential anti-gun book ever written, could not have been better timed to the current wave of lawsuits against gun companies, since many of the legal claims closely resemble the charges that Tom Diaz makes against the gun industry. Moreover, the book will likely help shape public opinion regarding the gun issue in general and gun companies in particular, thereby reducing the prospect that state legislatures or Congress will enact legislation to prohibit the lawsuits.

Yet Diaz's work will also be of interest to persons who are not much interested in the gun issue. *Making a Killing*, for one thing, is the first book to analyze the American firearms industry, previous ones having concentrated on a single company (e.g., Winchester), its products, and the evolution of firearms design, rather than on the business decisions faced by company leaders. For another, this book should be of interest to political scientists as an example of changing styles of political rhetoric and, in particular, for the important step forward that *Making a Killing* represents in the tactics of gun-control advocates. In the past, the debate has been over "gun control"—a term which resonates very negatively with a large segment of the voting public. (Americans do not like being "controlled.") The gun-control debate has been about restrictions on gun possession by law-abiding citizens, and about whether these restrictions can reduce misuse of guns both by law-abiding citizens and by criminals. Yet the very terms of the debate, serving as they do to remind the public that gun crime is caused by criminals with guns, put gun-prohibition advocates such as Diaz at a disadvantage. Moreover, the fundamental premise of the gun-control movement—that the average American citizen lacks the maturity, intelligence, and emotional stability to possess a handgun and to use it for personal protection—has not proved very popular. Thus, in recent years, advocates of gun prohibition have begun to shift the emphasis of the debate away from avoiding gun crimes toward "protecting the children": a rhetorical device intended to provide a gentler basis from which to promote the same controls they advocated previously. And when a loaded phrase like "the children" is coupled rhetorically with "gun safety" (people who react badly to "control" may respond favorably to "safety"), the tactical advantage becomes all the greater.

Diaz's book seeks to change the moral thrust of the anti-gun argument: "Gun manufacturers are evil and therefore the government should regulate their products." *Making a Killing* presents what Diaz considers an exposé of the sins of the firearms business—among them its profit motivation in wanting to sell more and more guns. If, however, firearms are a legitimate consumer product (and American law very clearly says they are), then making a profit by manufacturing guns is no more immoral than making a living selling books. Diaz asserts that the American firearms industry enjoys "incredible profitability," but he neglects to provide serious evidence. Instead, he shows that Bill Ruger, the founder of one of America's most successful gun companies, is personally wealthy and belongs to some fancy clubs, and repeats—three times!—Ruger's 1959 remark, "We have a little moneymaking machine here."

The implication is that the rest of the American gun business is as profitable as Ruger, which simply is not the case. Ruger is the only firearms company which is publicly traded, from which we might infer that other firearms companies did not believe themselves profitable enough to be taken public. Indeed, as anyone who knows anything about the industry knows, gun companies as financially healthy as Ruger are few and far between. Colt, the most venerable name in American firearms, has survived bankruptcy only because of corporate welfare payments from the state of Connecticut and the U.S. government (in the form of federal research grants to invent a "smart gun" which can only be fired by its owner). Significantly, lawsuits filed against handgun companies are predicated on the common knowledge that hardly any of the companies has enough money to pay the costs of legal defense in over two dozen courtrooms.

The heart of *Making a Killing* is an analysis of changes in the handgun market over recent decades. As of 1974, the majority of handguns sold in the United States were revolvers; today, the majority are self-loading pistols. Indignantly, Diaz describes how the American firearms industry, in recent decades, has attempted to deal with the problem of market saturation (i.e., most men who want to own a gun already have one) in the way any rational industry would—by trying to sell its product to those who do not currently own it and to sell new products to people who already do. Gun manufacturers have implemented the first strategy by pitching firearms to women and by promoting youth interest in the shooting sports. This program for market expansion is heartily disapproved of by Diaz, who appears not to like anything that people do with guns. He bashes not only ownership of handguns for self-defense, but sports such as Cowboy Action Shooting. He criticizes American shooting ranges which cater to foreign tourists for seeking to satisfy something he calls "gun lust."

Diaz regards the shift from revolvers to self-loaders as a result of pernicious advertising touting "firepower" as the dubious advantage of the new pistols. He overestimates the role of advertising. Ads obviously affect consumer decisions; otherwise, companies would not bother to advertise. Whether advertising can create and sustain demand for a product type which, in the absence of advertising, consumers would not want is questionable. To acknowledge this point, however, would be to put the blame for increased firepower on the consumer, rather than on the gun manufacturer. And this in turn would move the gun debate back a step to the "gun control" paradigm, with its associated political perils of offending tens of millions of consumers rather than a few dozen handgun companies.

Despite what Diaz implies, for many decades gun companies have offered consumers a choice between revolvers and self-loading pistols. The self-loading

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mechanism was invented in the 1890's; the best-known American firearms model—the Colt .45, a self-loading handgun—was first sold in 1911. The "high-capacity" pistol has been available to consumers at least since 1935 with the introduction of the 13-shot Browning Hi Power. Before the 1980's, moreover, in that allegedly golden era when revolvers outsold self-loading pistols, firearms manufacturers worked just as hard to sell as many revolvers and pistols as they possibly could. That the companies sold more shotguns or revolvers than pistols was the result of consumers being more interested in shotguns and revolvers. Clearly, changes in consumer preferences between 1959 and 1999 are the result of consumer decisions, not of a publicity scam waged against consumers by gun companies.

Along with complaints about an industry-driven shift in handgun type come diatribes against more powerful ammunition. These are nonsense, and Diaz's propagation of them undercuts his claim to be a former "gun nut." The most popular type of ammunition for modern self-loaders is 9mm. This ammunition is not new (it was invented in 1895 by George Luger) nor is it more powerful than revolver ammunition; in fact, 9mm happens to be the same size as that for the "old-fashioned" .38 Special revolver. The most powerful handgun caliber in common use is the .44 magnum, which is for revolvers, not pistols.

Diaz, who considers the gun industry evil for selling guns that are too big, condemns it as well for marketing others that are too small. There have been increased sales of small guns in the 1990's. But consumers who want small guns have found them available since 1852, when Henry Deringer patented his first gun. Indeed, "Derringer" became a generic (and misspelled) named for literally hundreds of brands of small handguns which achieved mass consumer popularity as urban defense weapons in the 1880's and 1890's. The fact that sales of these guns waned, relative to the rest of the handgun market, between 1890 and 1990 says more about consumer behavior than it does about gun companies forcing products on consumers. And that small handguns in 1999 can fire heavier bullets than their 1899 ancestors tells us only that metallurgy has improved in the last century.

A second cause of increased popularity for small handguns was President Clinton, who in 1994 successfully fought for a crime bill banning the manufacture of magazines holding more than ten rounds. This design restriction inevitably led gun consumers and designers to a greater interest in handguns which hold ten rounds or less. Of course, the lower the ammunition capacity, the smaller the gun can be. Some companies, such as Kahr, were introducing new small handgun designs even before the bill passed, but unquestionably the Clinton ban accelerated a trend. The legislation also helped spur a massive backlash in the 1994 general elections. The result was not just a Republican-controlled Congress but enormous "pro-gun" gains in state legislatures and governors' mansions. The tidal wave of legislation that followed the next year gave America 31 states in which ordinary law-abiding adults who pass a background check and (in most states) attend a safety class may obtain a permit to carry a concealed handgun for their lawful protection. The number of plain citizens who may legally carry handguns now exceeds the number of police officers in the United States. No wonder small handgun sales are rising. Like most professionals in the gun-control lobbies, Diaz nowhere acknowledges the morality of defensive firearms ownership.

Diaz concludes by calling for a federal agency to be given the authority to regulate firearms design. The agency would have the power to "phase out" handguns, which Diaz has elsewhere said would eventually mean handgun confiscation with compensation paid to the owners. This section of the book would be stronger if it addressed some of the difficulties inherent in the proposal. Even if we skip over the constitutional objections, what about the tremendous enforcement and black-market problems? The federal government once outlawed alcohol, and now outlaws various drugs, in the name of consumer safety. Whatever one thinks of these prohibitions, the costs (both in dollars and in diminished constitutional rights) have been enormous. At least a short discussion of similar costs which would necessarily arise from handgun prohibition seems in order.

Making a Killing is already making a major contribution to the American gun-policy debate. The book will be appreciated by people who already share Diaz's prejudice regarding the immorality of gun manufacture and sales to people for their own self defense. (One such reader calls the book "An astonishing picture of depraved indifference that will leave you gape-mouthed.") It will not be convincing, however, to readers who do not start from Diaz's premises, particularly if they have some independent knowledge of firearms, firearms policy, or the firearms business. The self-righteous moral indignation (based upon moral principles that are far from universal) detracts from the book, as do Diaz's unwillingness to say anything positive about the firearms industry and his insistence on imputing wicked motives to everything the industry does. It is unfortunate that Tom Diaz has seen fit to overlay the rhetoric of moral panic on the results of his large and serious research into an important American commercial enterprise.

David B. Kopel is the research director of the Independence Institute (www.i2i.org).

Professing

by J.O. Tate

The Professor and the Profession
by Robert Bechtold Heilman
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 358 pp., $39.95

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Emeritus professor of English at the University of Washington in Seattle, Robert B. Heilman has been publishing for over 60 years and has done distinguished work on drama and fiction. A good book of literary terms, for instance, refers to his *Tragedy and Melodrama: Versions of Experience* (1968) under the word "melodrama." When you become part of the definition of a term, I suppose that you have achieved some authority. I read Heilman's book on *Othello* (*Magic in the Web*, 1956) 35 years ago, and have never forgotten it. I learned a lot about Shakespeare, and I also learned how far analysis could go, and how much it could reveal. Having read that book, I would always want to know what Professor Heilman has to say about virtually anything, so it is a particular pleasure to see just what he is up to this time.

In this gathering, he has a lot on his mind; but I think these pieces are united by something more than the identity of

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the author—they are united by the mind that has projected them. Having attained a certain age, he remembers that things used to be different. Some of his essays are about his background in Pennsylvania, and his schooling, and his experiences over the years with such passions as baseball, football, and railroads. Others offer memories of such writers as Eric Voegelin and Robert Penn Warren (whom he knew at L.S.U.), and Theodore Roethke and Malcolm Cowley (whom he knew at the University of Washington). But from Heilman we always expect the directly literary engagement and his way with definitions, and we are not disappointed in that regard, either.

Professor Heilman has a revealing way of attacking texts which I think of, perhaps wrongly, as Aristotelian. Perhaps I should see his characteristic approach as related to the practices of the old New Criticism; or maybe it is simply a quality of Heilman himself. Whatever it is, I know it when I see it, and I relish the results. His treatment of *The Taming of the Shrew* insists that the play be read in relation to the genre of farce. Thus released from any distortion of consciousness such as has required a feminist reading for a century, Heilman clarifies our understanding of something that ought to be rather simple, or rather is transparent after his exposition. "Petruchio not only uses the word *tame* more than once but openly compares his method to that used in training falcons (IV.i.191ff.). There is no reason whatever to suppose that this was not meant quite literally." Heilman's argument, which he calls a "return of the shrew," lets us see Shakespeare's triumph over the limitations of farce as related to Petruchio's achievement as a precocious artist and Kate's growth as a woman who began as—a shrew. Even in dealing with a work of this stature, Heilman has that eye both for detail and for the force of genre that has served him so well in his other writings on Shakespeare. And I could say the same for his essays on *Cymbeline* and *Timon of Athens*. But beyond literary-historical considerations, I notice that Heilman's treatment of texts has a broad applicability. His sense of distinctions and of the distortion of extremities leads him to suppose that we should be "fanatics against fanaticism and skeptics of skepticism." The balanced understanding of literature is related to a balanced view of the world.

But Heilman has distinguished himself in writing about fiction as well as drama, and again he shows why. I wish that I had seen his succinct treatment of Thomas Hardy a long time ago—it would have saved me a lot of trouble. Hardy always confused me by the contradiction between his editorializing and his performance, but he can't fool Heilman, whose cool clarity makes me feel a little bit like Holden Caulfield blurrily remembering Eustacia Vye. Examining an utterly different writer, Heilman's treatment of Eudora Welty's *Losing Battles* (one of the finest of Southern novels) is also a brilliant performance. "In brief, *Losing Battles* is a highly ordered book, but it does not wear its order on its sleeve." Pursuing language and myth to their foundations, Heilman finds allusions to Sophocles and Fielding buried in Welty's remarkable work. His account of it will no doubt survive as long as the novel does.

Heilman's essays on education are as valuable as his pieces focused on specific works, because his analytical ability yields such revealing results. Balance is a principle of the mind, and not only of dramatic structure. Insisting that "there is no need to equate democracy with the slipshod, chaotic, and lowest common denominator," he remembers both the education he knew and the ideal behind it as democratic in the best sense: "[I]t assumed that every man was capable of being inducted into the community of knowledge and understanding." That Professor Heilman himself personifies the practice and the ideals of that community is evident on every page of this book of professions.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

RECEIVED WISDOM

Studi Cattolici.

The September 1999 issue of this fine Italian journal edited by Cesare Cavalleri provides its typical mixture of cultural commentary, orthodox theology, and hard-hitting political analysis. There are articles on "man's metaphysical capacity," Padre Pio, and therapy for homosexuals as well as reviews of American films and current Italian books.

Letture 1967-1997 by Cesare Cavalleri (624 pp., L.38,000). Available from Ares Books (Casella Postale 17107, 20170 Milano; www.ares.mi.it).

Cesare Cavalleri is known primarily as a Catholic man of letters, and Ares Books (which he also directs) has recently published this collection of his reviews and short essays. Lovers of Italian (and Anglo-American) literature will find 30 years of insightful and measured comments on writers from Elio Accrocca and Conrad Aiken to Ungaretti and Zola. Cavalleri's is a Christian criticism free of cant. He is capable of appreciating the tragic genius of Pasolini, for example, without minimizing the moral horror inspired by his death: "The death of Pier Paolo Pasolini is not a tragic incident: it is etched into the logic of a vice that vainly has tried to pass for being a 'legitimate diversion.'" His essays on his friend Eugenio Corti display a profound appreciation of the greatest living Christian novelist.

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by Samuel Francis

Revolt of the 300-Pound Beefy Guys

Discontent is the parent of all radicalism, and in these happy days, Pat Buchanan's third and ever more radical challenge to the globalist ruling class may not attract the political following it deserves. The national happiness that smothers healthy political disgruntlement is due to the success, by conventional standards, of the Clinton presidency. There is no protracted foreign (or even a domestic) war, and violent crime, unemployment, and welfare are all down. The cities and campuses are not aflame, and even if half the Cabinet as well as the President and his wife belong in jail, virtually no one seems to care. Of course, uncontrolled immigration is well on its way to wiping Western civilization off the map of the United States in much the same way you wipe dead insects off your windshield, and the evaporation of national sovereignty and the economic, social, and political independence of American citizens proceeds apace, encouraged by both Democrats and Republicans and unchallenged by anyone other than Mr. Buchanan.

As welcome as Mr. Buchanan's move to the Reform Party was last fall, only a few weeks later, he proceeded to confuse many supporters by elevating within his campaign black leftist Lenora Fulani. Miss Fulani promptly vowed that "we're going to integrate that peasant army of his. We're going to bring black folks and Latino folks and gay folks and liberal folks into that army" and announced that she and Buchanan would soon be meeting with the Rev. Al Sharpton, perhaps the most loathsome anti-white rabble-rouser in the country.

The rationale for the Fulani entente was that, as a power broker within the Reform Party, she would be able to help Buchanan win its presidential nomination against rival factions that are less than enthusiastic about him and his agenda. That may be a sound reason—time will tell whether she really will or can help Buchanan—and it may justify welcoming her into the campaign. But it does not seem to justify promoting her to the position of co-chairman, along with Bay Buchanan and Pat Choate, Ross Perot's vice presidential candidate in 1996, who is said to have been the architect of the Fulani tactic. If it is only a tactic, aimed at securing the nomination—and especially if it's a tactic that actually works—then it is justifiable. But if it's the opening shot of a major strategic move, which is how both Fulani and Choate tried to bill it, really aimed at constructing what Choate called a "left-right-center coalition" and what Fulani described as an effort "to bring black and white America together," then it may pose more of a problem.

One major value of the Buchanan campaign, especially since his move to the Reform Party, is not so much that it might win the presidency this year as that it offers a very real opportunity to build a serious, mass-based political party able to compete for—and eventually to win—power on a national scale by mobilizing a Middle American coalition. As I wrote in an article here last month, what Buchanan must offer is not "conservatism" as it is either currently or historically defined by the "conservative movement," but a vision, drawn from 19th-century traditionalist and counter-revolutionary conservatism, that affirms and defends such social particularisms—tribalisms, if you will—as class, cult, kinship, community, race, ethnicity, and nationality, each of which are legitimate and important parts of the politico-cultural complex. His break with the Republicans last fall offered an historic opportunity for him to begin articulating this affirmation far more clearly than his earlier Republican candidacies allowed, because it disengaged him from the confines of the classical liberal-libertarian universalist ideology that Republicans continue to mouth, an ideology that only alienates and frightens the Middle Americans on whom Buchanan's campaign must be built. But the Fulani alliance may well prove to alienate and frighten his Middle American base even more.

In the course of the demonization campaign against Buchanan conducted by the neoconservatives and their allies on the left last year, *Weekly Standard* senior editor David Brooks wrote an attack on Buchanan in the *Los Angeles Times* that was concerned to prove, once again, that Buchanan really was not a Republican. (Since the column appeared five days after Buchanan's move to the Reform Party, his point is conceded.) "Buchanan crowds don't look like Republican crowds," Brooks sneered:

> There are none of those Chamber of Commerce officers in golf shirts and tasseled loafers. Instead, Buchanan draws the beefy, 300-pound guys with tattoos up their arms and sleeveless T-shirts. He draws the guys with shaggy biker beards and the Teamsters who park their rigs in the lot and get hoarse shouting, "Go, Pat, go!" It may be hard to classify exactly which political category these people belong to, but they are certainly not Republicans.

Actually, it's not so hard to classify which political category such people belong to. They're called "Democrats," and the contempt for them that our Mr. Brooks exudes helps explain why they never show up in the crowds around other Republican candidates. Buchanan's appeal to them is exactly the same as that of George Wallace, Richard Nixon, and Ronald Reagan, and their attraction to these candidates explains why the first won more popular support than any other third-party leader since Theodore Roosevelt and why the latter two actually won the presidency twice.

A further reason Buchanan is no true Republican, according to Mr. Brooks, is that, while Buchanan's speech at the 1992 GOP convention in Houston declared "a culture war, which the GOP faithful were happy to enlist in," today "Buchanan has stopped talking about culture and started talking about class war, which the GOP faithful do not want any part of."

What Mr. Brooks and his fellow neocons cannot seem to grasp is that the "culture war" *is* a "class war"—and that they are on the wrong side of it. There has been a class revolution—a replacement of one ruling class by another, the only kind of real revolution there is—in the United States. The new ruling class

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seeks the destruction of the cultural and moral codes and institutions of the old ruling class and its order because those codes and institutions are obstacles to its own power and interests and tend to exclude and restrict the new elite. Hence, what is produced by Hollywood, the universities, the publishers, the newspapers, the electronic media—the cultural apparatus of the new ruling class—is the new "culture" against which Buchanan "declared" war. The new culture would not exist in the absence of the new class that produces it and uses it to subvert the old ruling class and to build rationalizations for its own power and preeminence. The war against the new culture cannot be won unless the new class that peddles it is dislodged from power—by yet another revolution, or, if you insist on the term, counterrevolution.

What remains of the old culture survives—marginally—in the "beefy, 300-pound guys with tattoos up their arms and sleeveless T-shirts" who form the crowds around Pat Buchanan's tent, and it is these gentlemen and they alone—not "those Chamber of Commerce officers in golf shirts and tasseled loafers" who probably read the *Weekly Standard* every week and find it interesting, nor the "black folks and Latino folks and gay folks and liberal folks" so beloved of Comrade Fulani—who are at least willing to fight the culture war. There may not be enough of them to win it; they may not have much of a clue as to how to fight it effectively; and they may very well lose it. But at least, unlike the suave and debonair Mr. Brooks and his neocon friends, they do fight, and unlike Fulani and her allies, they're on the right side.

The idea that the political conflict in the United States is largely a class conflict is a concept that neoconservatives find most offensive and disconcerting. In 1996, when Buchanan first used the image of "peasants and pitchforks" after his victory in the New Hampshire primary to describe his own following in the politico-cultural conflict, Bill Kristol himself rejected the image. "Someone needs to stand up and defend the Establishment," the *Washington Post* quoted Kristol as telling its reporter:

> In the last couple of weeks, there's been too much pseudo-populism, almost too much concern and attention for, quote, the people—that is, the people's will, their prejudices and their foolish opinions. And in a certain sense, we're all paying the price for that now. . . . After all, we conservatives are on the side of the lords and barons.

For once, Mr. Kristol was entirely right. "We conservatives"—i.e., those conservatives for whom he speaks and whose mind he helps form—are in fact the "lords and barons" of the new ruling class, or if not exactly the lords and barons, then at least the high priests and court buffoons of those who are. The whole political function of neoconservatism is to provide a moderate rationalization for the new regime of the new ruling class, and in fact it does provide a far more sensible and credible ideological formula than Marxism, multiculturalism, or the other stale and unbelievable isms that the left offers. Over the last few years, both Mr. Kristol and his faithful Indian companion, Mr. Brooks, have come up with a couple of different, rather less-than-catchy slogans that try to encapsulate the magic and romance, if you will, of the New World Order: "National Greatness Conservatism" and, more recently, Mr. Brooks' "One Nation Conservatism," which upholds the "compassionate conservatism" of George W. Bush and John McCain's "New Patriotic Challenge," both of which vow to help construct a "burbling civic life" for the nation, although every burble seems to be funded by the federal leviathan.

The reason the beefy guys with tattoos approve of Buchanan is that, unlike many denizens of the Beltway, they continue to identify themselves in terms of tribal particularities and not in terms of ideological abstractions, and they recognize in Buchanan the only major political figure who defends their tribal identities and also is willing, in contrast to the apostles of economic liberty in the GOP, to offer material security for them and their families and communities. Some at least grasp that if issues of material security are not of much political concern this year, they will be sooner or later. One of Pat Buchanan's political problems in these happy days is to communicate to the rest of them that the happiness will not last, that the transnational economic and political system the ruling class is constructing is designed without any place for them, and that the champions of the new order (like Mr. Brooks and Mr. Kristol) in fact despise them, fear them, and want them rendered impotent, if not altogether extinct.

But another of Buchanan's problems this year may be to make sure that the alliance with Miss Fulani and the importation into the Buchanan campaign of rhetoric and ideology that directly contradict the invocation of particularism do not subvert his social and political base in Middle America altogether. That is what is wrong with the "left-right-center coalition" that Pat Choate describes and with the effort "to bring black and white America together" in a common political movement. The elements of such coalitions cannot subsist together because they are both ideologically and socially incompatible. They are ideologically incompatible because the "right" to which Buchanan has always successfully appealed is a particularistic identity, while the "left" whose banner Miss Fulani waves is a universalist one. They are socially incompatible because the social forces to which they try to appeal are different social groups with different and usually contradictory interests. If the Fulani alliance really is supposed to be a strategy and not merely a tactic, those contradictions will become increasingly apparent in the course of the campaign, as issues like affirmative action, immigration, civil rights, abortion, and homosexuality arise. The bloodiest and most bitter battles of the "culture war" may be fought inside the Buchanan campaign itself.

But no man in the United States has fought that war more intensely, more courageously, and more effectively and articulately than Pat Buchanan, and one major reason he has been able to fight it as well and as long as he has is because the guys in the crowd who have supported him knew what he was fighting for and whom he was fighting against. The potential flaw of his alliance with Lenora Fulani and her elevation within the Buchanan camp may be to confuse those very guys, the Buchanan base, and to send out a muddled signal that communicates, at best, nothing beyond the exigencies of campaign tactics, and at worst, the wrong message that alienates and demoralizes his own supporters and winds up defining no political coalition able either to win or to endure beyond the current election. c

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Letter From London

by Michael McMahon

Talking of Ale

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"And a few men talked of freedom,
while England talked of ale."
—"The Secret People"
G.K. Chesterton

In 1136, Bishop Henri de Blois, grandson of William the Conqueror, founded the hospice of St. Cross, in Hampshire, to provide for "thirteen poor men, feeble and so reduced in strength that they can hardly or with difficulty support themselves without another's aid." It is the oldest almshouse in England. Its charter requires it not just to provide shelter and sustenance to its residents, but to offer food and drink, at least, to such poor wanderers as might call and ask for it. This "wayfarer's dole," as it is known, is made up of two traditional elements: a portion of bread and a horn of ale. For "good ale," wrote George Borrow, who spent much of his own life wandering the roads of England many centuries later, is "the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is good ale."

Ales and beers continue to be a source of refreshment and a focus of sociability for the English, of course. But the 12th-century brethren of St. Cross would not recognize many of the brews of today as beers at all, and the 19th-century taste of George Borrow would have found all too few of them "good." For the traditional beers of England, symbols of the individuality of a small nation and the diversity of the regions it contains, are rapidly being lost. Ten ancient regional brewers have closed in the last year. Names and tastes, familiar in our mouths as household words—Marstons and Wards, Morland of Oxfordshire, Morrells and Mitchell's, and Vaux—will no longer in their flowing cups be freshly remembered. Most of them were businesses that have been handed from generation to generation of the same family: Mitchell's, of Lancaster, was founded by the great-great-grandfather of one of the company's last directors. The brewery in which they operated, and which has now closed, had been founded much earlier—by monks, in the early 16th century. Morrells had been founded in 1782. A living tradition which connects us to our earliest civilized ancestors is running down the drains of cities and county towns across the country.

There are two reasons for this. Neither offers any consolation to anyone who values what is good from the past. First, there is the matter of changing taste. "Taste," perhaps, is a misleading word in this context, as many people seem to be choosing their tipple not according to its effect on the palate or its ability to restore and refresh, but according to how good they feel when people see them drinking it. Hence the graceless, unhygienic, and impractical fad of serving and consuming bottled beers without a glass: The drinker can wave the label at his admirers. To say that there has been a change in "preference" might be a better description of what has happened, but even that would be inaccurate, because it suggests that consumers are exercising free will in their choice of what to drink. The truth is that the only choice that many are making is to conform to what they can be persuaded is fashionable. In an age of cultural drift, such loyalty to brands and styles offers some sense of belonging, perhaps. But such brands and styles don't become fashionable by chance. As with so much that is marketed in our *consumo ergo sum* society, desire is orchestrated by remote rich and powerful interests through advertising campaigns in which a media-molded generation places such uncritical confidence.

Hence the displacement of the "nut-brown ales," whose praises were sung by Chaucer, Chesterton, Shakespeare, and even the puritan Milton, by the characterless, blond, bland, bubble-bound brews that trickle lifelessly down the throats of today's glassy-eyed gas-guzzlers who wouldn't recognize real ale if they were upended in a vat of it. In each of the last five years, consumption of traditionally brewed beer has fallen by five percent. And what is drunk in its place? Lifeless decoctions whose qualities change little as they pass through the human digestive system. Pasteurized beers that are cheaply and easily produced, and dispensed under artificial gas pressure from the aluminum kegs that have long since replaced the handmade staved and hooped wooden barrels of tradition. It is almost impossible to describe the qualities of many of these, the most widely consumed beers in Britain today: They haven't got any. Whether kegged, canned, or bottled, they are directed to be served "well chilled," a practice which would obliterate any flavors if they had any, and which makes irrelevant the fact that they haven't. These chemically colored, heavily carbonated concoctions are uniformly wet, whilst containing varying proportions of alcohol. Beyond that, there is little that can be said of them. Except, of course, that from the manufacturer's point of view, they have one enormous advantage: They cost very little to make.

Which brings us to the second reason for this decline. Most brewing in Britain is in the hands of four companies which have greedily bought up countless smaller, local operators over the years, so that between them they now control most of the market. Increasingly remote from their employees and their customers, their sole motive is profit. Real ales are not only more costly to make than their sterile modern counterparts, but more costly to keep, too. As living, organic products, they must be transported with care, and allowed to settle in their barrels, which must then be skillfully tapped, racked, and tilted before serving the first pint, and carefully tended until serving the last. New-style beers require no such attention. They are manufactured, packaged, delivered, plugged in, turned on, and poured out. There is little room for human error; indeed, there is little that is human about any part of the procedure at all. The big four still make a few real ales but have long since stopped promoting them, and have thus effectively engineered their decline at a national level.

And yet . . . All is not lost. Young's, the old family firm whose traditional brewery is at the Sign of the Ram in Wandsworth, London, has never compromised on quality, and has just announced that its profits have increased by 31 percent. Indeed, so traditional is this company's orientation that it still makes its local deliveries in "drays," wagons drawn by magnificent shire horses whose stables it has never closed. This is not a "heritage"

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publicity stunt, but an example of harnessed practicality: London traffic is so slow-moving that lorries waste vast quantities of fuel crawling and stopping through its tangle of tailbacks. Going faster than a horse-drawn vehicle is not possible, and a horse waiting to move is not wasting any energy. And Young's is not the only brewery to be doing well by standing by its traditions. Fullers, Belhaven, Gale's, Arkell's, and Shepherd Neame are flourishing, too. Moreover, a rash of small-scale "micro-breweries" has sprung up in recent years, many making marvelous beers, prompted by earlier fears that the big boys would obliterate real brewing in Britain altogether.

The political point to be made here is that all can benefit when an enterprise is on a scale that allows it to be in harmony with the human condition. The breweries I praise are very much part of the localities in which they have grown up. Some of them might export bottles of their beers further afield, but the bulk of their business is conducted on their own doorsteps, and they live alongside the majority of their customers and all of the people they employ. The "big four," by contrast, are amorphous agglomerations of anonymous financial power, making decisions that affect people's lives from afar. You don't have to be a distributist to realize that such remotely located money power is only going to be interested in local communities insofar as they serve its purpose.

Sadly, the mark of the distant boardroom on local life has been made even more cruelly on the places that serve our ales than on the beers themselves. There are 62,000 pubs in Britain; a recent survey showed that only 212 of them have so far escaped the decorative evisceration that would, if the big boys had their way, be the fate of them all. Most chain-owned English pubs (and most are chain-owned) are now no more distinguishable from each other than are internationally owned hotels or hamburger joints. City hostelries have been particularly badly hit. With no respect for any individual architectural integrity, their interiors have been ruthlessly replaced by the off-the-shelf, branded and themed cod-Irish, mock-Victorian, or pseudo-Australian kitsch that the marketing men tell the ad men to tell the customers they want. Tens of thousands of individually interesting interiors have suffered like this, most of them irreparably. There are even examples of genuine Tudor ceiling beams in genuinely ancient pubs being ripped out to be replaced by plastic replicas more in keeping with the Tudorbethan theme parkery that the marketing men dictate.

These sharp-suited carpetbaggers are no respecters of the names of the community resources that they so enthusiastically violate, either. Ancient inn signs that have immemorially announced that you have found "The King's Head" or "The White Horse," names that have been on local maps since they were first drawn, have been ripped down and replaced by cheap, jokey, crudely coined inventions such as the "Slug & Lettuce" or "The Ferret & Firkin." Such names don't last, of course. One takeover later, and they'll be equally inappropriately called "Paddy's Bar" or "The Moon & Sixpence" before being once more stripped out and reincarnated as "The Brendan O'Grady" or "The Bruce & Sheila."

All this is as disorienting to travelers trying to make their way through contemporary England as it is to wayfarers coping with contemporary English life. For too long and in too many ways have too many of us been separated from the inheritance of a past that gives meaning to our present. I saw this for myself recently when I revisited my parental home in Wimbledon. I had arranged to meet an old friend, but had mistimed my journey and arrived an hour early. It was a balmy summer's evening, and I decided to pass the time by visiting the half-dozen or so local pubs that I had last used, perhaps too frequently, nearly 30 years earlier. I reckoned that by drinking a half-pint in one, and a soft drink in the next, I could take a look in each and return to meet my friend without compromising either courtesy or sobriety.

It was a sad little tour. The shabby Edwardian dignity of the interior of "The Dog & Fox" had gone, its slightly self-important plushness replaced by minimalist wine-cellar gothic—lots of black, loose-box seating, sanded floors, a blackboard menu, and an iconostatic Australian flag hanging above the counter. Relentless Muzak competed with the shouted orders for fashionable foreign lagers in an unforgivingly hollow acoustic. I drank up and left. "The King of Denmark" was only slightly more recognizable. The traditional arrangement of lounge bar (carpeted for the clean and the suited) and public bar (linoed for the work-soiled and booted) had gone, as had the quaint little taproom for off-sales. England is a one-class, one-bar society now. Again, there was Muzak, and the blackboard, and the international lagers—but at one end of the great long omnibar I was reminded of the past by the sight and sound of three middle-aged men loudly boring each other and those within earshot in precisely the way that their predecessors might have done in the same spot three decades ago, even if the décor had then been different. The only pub that hadn't changed at all was "The Swan"—and that, alas, only because it had been the first to have its guts ripped out before being wine-barified like the rest. It was just as horrible as I remembered it.

I saved "The Rose and Crown" until last. It had always been my favorite. Many were the times I had popped in for a pint, and fallen into conversation with whoever was serving or standing at the bar, in the easy community that was the English pub of old. Apart from there now being no division between the lounge and public bars, the décor was just as I remembered, and the beer just as good. There was no chance of casual sociability, though. The bar staff were too busy, and there was no elbowroom at the counter. I had to shout my order over the noise not of canned music but of countless competing conversations. There were more people in that pub than in all the rest I had visited put together. They had obviously not been listening when the voices of big business had been telling them what sort of beer, or pubs, they should want.

Michael McMahon's father was the landlord of a traditional English pub in the 1960's.

Letter From Venice

by Andrei Navrozov

Not the Venice of the North

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I have always disbelieved those who would argue that the topography of a country, that is to say its purely geophysical characteristics, is dominant in the shaping of the personality of its people. Stalin used to call them vulgarizers of

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Marxism and shoot them, but we in the West may simply murmur that they exaggerate and are often wrong. One need only spend a few weeks in Sardinia, where the native island culture effectively insulates the inhabitants from the sea, to understand that so much of historiography is like Freudian psychology: It is two-thirds *ex post facto* reasoning and one-third old wives' tales.

Last week, I conducted a fairly inexpensive experiment to test the materialist thesis against which I had been prejudiced anyway by spending a weekend in Amsterdam, a place I had never been before. Amsterdam is called the Venice of the North. Why Venice? Well, don't you see, it has all those canals, just like Venice, and the boats and the bridges. My thinking was that—as the airline tickets were cheap, the hotels in the doldrums of low season, I do not use cannabis, and was bringing my wife as chaperone—the worst that could happen was that the thesis would be disproved—Amsterdam would turn out to be not the Venice of the North—and I would return home with the satisfaction of having been right all along. Which is exactly what happened, and probably I would have let the matter rest without bothering to gloat about it had the failure of the thesis not been so spectacular and, in some strange ways, so unexpected.

The first thing of which I am usually aware is the sound of speech, and the first place that Amsterdam brought to my mind was Copenhagen. This is because, like the Danes (and Scandinavians generally), the Dutch speak a kind of deracinated Hyperamerican with a facility that is at once arresting and repugnant. When one listens to the answer to the simplest question, say about the way to one's hotel, one is conscious of observing something unnatural yet titillating, like some cabaret exhibition of dexterity imagined by Magritte involving a snake, a bird cage, and three small oranges. Then, if the questions and the corresponding answers become more complex, the circus-act image recedes and is supplanted in one's mind by similes from magazine articles on artificial intelligence and stills from Hollywood films about aliens in human guise.

"Do you speak English? I phoned for a taxi an hour ago, and it's still not here."

"Theresalottatraffic authere yaknow. Yah yah okay I givemacall."

It helps not at all that visually Dutch is so close to English. The visitor's eye, bewildered by shop signs, keeps sending confused messages of alarm to the brain, roughly along these lines:

> Citizen, you have been asleep for 311 years. It is now the year 309 E.U., and we are all speaking Prosperanto. The English word "house" is "huis" in Prosperanto. The word "bread" has become "banana brood with nuts." The word "ecu" has been changed to "eurouble."

The other place I thought Amsterdam was like is Chicago, because the Dutch automaton's deracinated speech from the future is very much like the apparently deracinated culture—including dress, manners, conversation, and cuisine—of most large American cities, which are unfailingly comical in their provincial insecurity. No doubt this insecurity is fueled from New York, and exacerbated weekly by the culture supplements of the *New York Times*, so that no restaurant chef in Chicago can put a T-bone steak on the menu without something like *au romarin et anchois truffés* after it unless he wants to get himself arrested as a white supremacist, any more than a theater director in Detroit can put on a thoughtful production of *Pinocchio* without being accused of antisemitism. Anyway, looking for a Dutch dish in Amsterdam is like looking for hash brownies in Riyadh, or asking CBS to screen an art film entitled *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* in prime time.

"Do you speak English? I'm trying to find somewhere that serves Dutch food."

"Sure, there's a fantastic Cantonese place on the Reguliersdwarsstraat."

Why yes, one almost finds oneself thinking at that point, the Cantonese on the Reguliersdwarsstraat, of course, how could I have been so foolish. It's like forgetting about the Pakistani on the Oosterdokskade!

"Good Dutch food?"

"Duck, they've got good duck. Great service, nice, really nice place."

This brings me to an aspect in the character of the Venetians of the North which an impartial observer would describe as a certain denseness, whereas a hostile, irresponsible, prejudiced person might let fly with the accusation of stupidity. In this, Amsterdam reminds me of Cambridge and that tract of midge-swarming, disease-ridden, blithely flowering swamp land called East Anglia to which Holland is, I have to admit, geophysically related far more closely than it is to Venice. A friend of mine once took a tailcoat, with its regulation stains of claret and vomit, to the dry cleaners in Cambridge. The elderly woman in charge inspected it, stroked the stains tenderly, and announced: "I' very nice, that, bu' I wun't know wha' to charge you, luv, 'cuz here on the back i's long like a coa', bu' 'ere on the front i's short like a jackit." Surely you've had one of these in before, he remonstrated, with all the May Balls at Cambridge over the last hundred years? "We 'ave, an' I ne'er know wha' to charge 'em!" answered the woman with a flirtatious chuckle.

Naturally enough, from the point of view of architecture, the spire-capped, hematite-redbrick town is reminiscent of Manhattan's surviving shreds of New Amsterdam, somehow reordered within the space of Boston. But although perfectly explicable historically, this impression only serves to enhance the eerie sense of alienation from language, time, and place which grabs hold of the visitor on arrival. Like a fool I trudged to the Rijksmuseum, in the hope that the fire of art would soon cauterize the infectious feeling—readers who wish me to carry on in this florid vein may send a check for $1 with large SASE enclosed—that the town was taking the mickey. I will not say anything about the Vermeers, because the Vermeers are in fact quite amazing and very probably worth the price of a journey to Amsterdam, but the "Night Watch Room"! I thought they had slipped something into my duck at that Cantonese joint, and that I was hallucinating.

For the first time, I understood the homespun fraud that is the American college history of art in all its threadbare ubiquity. The enormous hall of the Rijksmuseum gives the famous picture pride of place, but it is surrounded on all sides by dozens of paintings by Rembrandt's contemporaries. This is meant to show how much better—greater, I think, is the preferred art-history term—he was than anybody else painting in the early 1600's, though what it actually shows beyond reasonable doubt is that he was exactly like them, and I mean exactly, down to the last shiny buckle on the last of the idiotic black cones those people used as hats. The pervasive, ponderous conformity of both the painters and their red-nosed, white-jaboted, black-breeched subjects, squeezed together in large

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bunches one on top of the other, like office workers packing an elevator at lunchtime, makes for an unforgettably hideous spectacle, something like a Russian newspaper cartoon from the Japanese war of 1905 or an illustration from some mimeographed brochure about the Yellow Menace.

Which brings me back to the Cantonese on the Reguliersdwhatever, and to the reasonable suggestion that the countries of Europe, already reduced to the status of imperial cantons, are not far from achieving the degree of deracinated uniformity allotted them in that collaboration of Moscow and Washington which is known as Brussels. Canals and bridges will not save their souls as they have saved the soul of Venice, whose survival had been preconditioned by the lingering disunity of Italy and made possible by the recalcitrant archaism of the region's myriad discordant social institutions. The grandees painted by Rembrandt all wore cone-shaped hats, but when the time came, they all donned baseball caps; they all said grace before supper, but when the time came, they all lit up giant spliffs; they all loved their neighbor, but when the time came, they all got together and sold their country down the river.

The grandees of Italy's regions, who all ate different food, said grace in different languages, and loathed their neighbors, were never in a position to do such a hat trick. As a result of this whim of history, for which the topography of Venice is perhaps no more than a useful foil and a beautiful symbol, I can still cross the Rialto to the Madonna and eat local softshell crabs, which are now in season in the lagoon. For diversity is not listening to rap music in Vienna, or speaking Urdu with a taxidriver in Paris, but living in Venice like a Venetian. Which is precisely what I, chastened by my experience of Amsterdam, propose to do until the Grand Canal becomes a municipal parking facility and they use the Frari to warehouse frozen bananas.

I am no flibbertigibbet. I would happily live in Chicago as a Chicagoan. But how can one?

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

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Letter From Virginia

by Lynn Hopewell

The Battle of Richmond

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"Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And the process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right."
—*George Orwell*, 1984

The history police from Orwell's "Ministry of Truth" are at it again. Robert E. Lee's picture, among 30 planned for an historical display along Richmond's waterfront, was briefly removed because of protests by City Councilman Sa'ad El-Amin. He claims the Confederate general is an offensive figure to African-Americans, who view him as a symbol of slavery. James E. Rogers, president of the Richmond Historic Riverfront Foundation, was one of the cowed officials who made the decision to take down the portrait of Lee.

This and other attacks on the display of Confederate symbols show that the spirit of intolerance in Big Brother's *1984* lives on today in campaigns to purify American history and obliterate any symbols of its past that do not pass the test of political correctness. The history police goosestepping through our culture are quite willing to throw out the baby along with the bath water.

What is the baby? For African-Americans, it is the fantastic accomplishments of blacks during the days of slavery in the South. Those accomplishments during that difficult time should engender nothing but pride in American blacks today. Yet that satisfaction is systematically and deliberately denied to black Americans by their so-called leaders. Why? Because those leaders have more to gain by fomenting racial discord than by harmonizing the many common bonds between black and white Virginians.

Confederate icons are not the first to be attacked. This purification campaign has heaped abuse on the discoverer of America. Custer's name has been removed from the Little Bighorn battlefield. Maryland changed its state motto from "manly deeds, womanly words," to "strong deeds, gentle words."

But the special target of black racists is the Confederate nation and any symbol or remembrance of it. Thus we see campaigns all over the South to remove the Confederate battle flag from public view. Cadets at the Virginia Military Institute are not allowed to continue their long tradition of wearing the Confederate emblem on their class rings. When George Allen was a Virginia gubernatorial candidate, he was criticized for having a Confederate flag in his home. The NAACP conceded that it might be okay for him to keep it there, but heaven help him if he took it outside! And of course the efforts of media darling Carol Moseley-Braun—the first black woman elected to the U.S. Senate (and later defeated)—successfully denied the United Daughters of the Confederacy a copyright that had been renewed since 1898. Senator Moseley-Braun claimed that the flag was "a painful reminder" of slavery.

In a vivid testimonial to America's declining educational standards, critics like City Councilman Sa'ad El-Amin take the erroneous and self-serving view that the Confederates fought for slavery and the North fought against it. That would have been news to both Bluecoats and Greybacks. Most Southerners fought because their homeland was invaded by those who refused to let them depart the Union in peace, just as both North and South had departed from Great Britain under George III.

Whatever attitude Confederates had about slaves and blacks was widely shared by all Americans. Abraham Lincoln declared that "the Negro would never be the social equal of the white race." Lincoln said in both of his inaugural addresses that he had no intention of tampering with the institution of slavery: "I have no purpose directly and believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Father Abraham's views are out-of-fashion with his admirers today, and apologetics for Lincoln's embarrassing statements are a minor academic industry. In a famous letter to publisher Horace Greeley, Lincoln said:

> my paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I

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could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

How much longer will the new racists allow Lincoln's face on the five-dollar bill to act as a "painful reminder" to blacks that Lincoln considered the Union to be more important than their freedom?

Not long, perhaps. The New Orleans School Board voted to remove George Washington's name from an elementary school because he was a slaveholder and thus a bad example for children. If Washington's name is so abhorrent that it can't be used for a public school, why should it identify the capital city of our nation? Why should we have an internationally famous monument to him, or to Jefferson, or for that matter to Abraham Lincoln?

By the way, in case you think this historical suppression leads to racial harmony and the common good, note this: In many of the public schools of New Orleans, students now pledge allegiance to the red, black, and green black liberation flag rather than the Stars and Stripes. Instead of the Star-Spangled Banner, they sing a black liberation anthem.

Black radicals pick on General Lee, but they turn a blind eye to their own history. How does Mr. El-Amin reconcile the debasement of Lee and Washington with the fact that African tribal leaders enslaved and sold many millions of blacks to the slave traders?

According to political correctness, white leaders who owned slaves are moral lepers, but black historical figures who did so are to be honored. Why should we all not be offended by displays of African dress and the celebration of African holidays? Might they not be a "painful reminder" of the horrible enslavement of blacks by blacks?

If the history police want a flag to condemn because of its association with racism, they need look no further than one of the flags flying over the Capitol. After all, it was under Old Glory that slavery flourished—much longer than under the Stars and Bars. It was under Old Glory that we pushed the Indians off their lands.

We have no flag that has not been associated with prejudice and unpopular causes. All of them can be "painful reminders" to someone. Using those criteria, we will have no flag to fly and no images to display.

Blacks are being denied their legitimate heritage by their leaders' attempt to define their history exclusively in terms of slavery. Their 350-year association with the land and their major contributions to Southern culture are suppressed by this preoccupation with slavery—thus denying both black and white Southerners the common ground they share.

Those of us who honor our Confederate ancestors today do so not because of their—and their Northern opponents'—19th-century view of race relations. We honor them because of their devotion—against all odds—to the cause of independence, their zeal in defending their homes, their uncommon valor, and because they were arguably some of the finest American soldiers ever to take the field.

Their critics are modern-day members of Orwell's "Party" who, not liking parts of our history, want to suppress it. They confuse remembrance of the best elements of a society with justification of its worst. In their quest for political power, the Sa'ad El-Amins of the world have forgotten Lincoln's advice—"with malice toward none, with charity for all, let us bind up this nation's wounds." If they think attacks against General Lee will lead to harmonious race relations, they are indeed "whistling Dixie."

Lynn Hopewell writes from Warrenton, Virginia.

Letter From England

by Derek Turner

Drawing the Blairite Battle Lines

◆

Speaking to a Labour Party conference in October, British Prime Minister Tony Blair made a vainglorious speech he may live to regret. His words heartened some of his more enthusiastic supporters, but shocked the shires and clarified the ideological battle lines. Even some naive neoconservatives, like Paul Johnson and Lady Thatcher, who had long maintained that Blair was nonideological or even "one of us" because he had abandoned socialism, have recanted or subsided into shocked silence.

Speaking in his usual syntax-free style—"Fail a single person, we have failed Britain"—Blair nonetheless made it completely clear what and whom he didn't like. He placed the blame for all the world's ills squarely on the shoulders of "the forces of conservatism allied to racism."

He mentioned specifically the supporters of fox hunting, General Pinochet, and hereditary peers as worthy of execration. But his grapeshot peppered all those, past or present, who wanted or want Britain to remain a united, independent country and a part of Western civilization. The forces of conservatism, he stated, do not reside merely in the Conservative Party, but include socialists opposed to his dumping what remains of the working class in favor of Islingtonian vegetarians. He attacked all those who saw multiculturalism "as a left-wing conspiracy." He implied that the Conservative Party was guilty of the death of Stephen Lawrence, a black teenager killed in South London in 1993 whose death was exploited for political purposes by some on the left, and said that the modern Conservative Party was "weird, weird, weird," like the Addams Family. He attacked "the old elites, establishments that have run our country too long." (In fact, as Melanie Phillips said in a recent article in the *Times*, "The top tier of politicians, civil servants, academics, journalists, judges and the rest of our elites are no longer conservative . . . but anarcho-illiberal.") Finally, he intoned climactically, like a latter-day "Praise God" Barebones, Labour would "set the people free." As Boris Johnson wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* on October 5, Blair's speech was a "mix of puerile malice, historical ignorance and maudlin emotional blackmail."

With its combination of mawkishness and ruthlessness, Blair's speech was a perfect exposition of the "Third Way." The values of the Third Way are still those of the hard left, but socialism has been replaced with revolutionary feminism, gay rights, multiculturalism, "deep ecology," political correctness, cultural schlock and relativism, and the contemptible "counseling culture." The left's aim is no longer to corporatize society, but to break it up into easily manageable lobbies, united under a new, safe kind of "patriotism"—in a country without even its own

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currency. (Labour is trying to catapult Britain into the European single currency as soon as possible.) Now that even Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott, who has a face like a Dickensian parish beadle, considers himself to be middle class (his new allegiance caused a massive public argument with his father), the left needs to invent new client groups, new victims who can be bribed into becoming supporters. It then uses the new groups as battering rams against mainstream society, whilst Middle England is distracted by talk of curfews for teenage vandals.

Blair's student-union idealism would be merely risible except that it is now being driven by skillful political managers. For tacticians like Peter Mandelson, political idealism seems almost to take second place to professional pride. Most worryingly of all, for the first time a large number of wealthy businessmen have been persuaded to back Labour. These businessmen wish both to salve their own guilty consciences and to expand their companies' markets in the increasingly borderless world promised by Third Way internationalists (and conservative "useful idiots"). The ultimate destination of the Third Way express train, whether all the passengers know it or not, is an antiseptic, ultramodern, rational, egalitarian, politically correct, regimented—and inhuman—world, where everyone will have equal access to polenta and mineral water.

Leftists claim that they are a persecuted minority of "radicals." This belief is important to them, and allows them to recruit among each new generation of young people. The truth is, of course, that being left wing has not been radical (or even interesting) since about 1920. In our shrinking, ever less interesting world, the real radicals now are the localists, regionalists, patriots, traditionalists, agrarians, some anarchists, ecologists, communitarians, and religious conservatives. These are people who are attached viscerally to their own peoples or regions, who remember history, who like life on the human scale, who believe in plain speaking, who distrust all elites, who are suspicious of Pelagian "progress," who respect nature, who are romantic and chivalrous, who prefer Shakespeare to Salman Rushdie, and who like using imperial measurements rather than the system devised by Labour's cruder French ancestors. But unless these groups can be persuaded to work together, they will simply be mopped up or made "irrelevant," one at a time.

Blair's speech, which was nothing less than a declaration of war against all of British civilization, has finally made some rightists feel threatened. Even William Hague's overly well-mannered Conservatives have realized dimly that they are in trouble, leading Mr. Hague to propound a retaliatory "Common Sense Revolution" of tax cuts and educational choice that, when combined with Hague's moderate Euro-skepticism, is likely to be popular electorally. But Hague's "revolution" leaves many things unaddressed—Labour's pro-IRA policies in Northern Ireland, its cheap selling-off of gold reserves, its rabid political correctness, its promotion of homosexuality, its love for "benefit tourists" and "political refugees," its continuing dumbing-down of culture, and its hypocrisy, exemplified by a government minister's attacks on those who own two homes. (This particular minister has three.)

Rightists (and leftist patriots) need to wake up now to the menace posed by this current administration. Soviet-style communism may be gone, but it has been replaced by a vast post-Marxist/post-Methodist campaign to revolutionize *every* aspect of British life. To counteract Tony Blair's "missionary zeal," as one approving trade-union observer called it, all those opposed to globalization, Puritanism, and mediocrity will need to discover some missionary zeal of their own.

Derek Turner is the editor of Right NOW!, *published in London.*

Letter From Costa Rica

by William Mills

Gone Fishing

◆

Maybe it's the increasing need to find a replacement for what America once was, or just the plain joy of sports fishing, but whatever the real motive, I found myself headed for Costa Rica in October. I had most of a day free in San José before a little bush plane would fly me at six the next morning over to the Caribbean side. Not wanting to spend the afternoon touching up my tan by the gigantic pool at the Hotel Irazu, I did something I seldom do: I took a tour bus around town.

As happens on many journeys, the accidental incidents or sights were half the attraction. Traffic in San José is congested big time and most of the time. You take your life in your hands at a crossing when you walk with the light. Against the light . . . *muerto*. Thus it was quite funny, but telling, when we passed what looked like a small fenced "city," designed for Lilliputians, where children were taught how to survive the San José traffic with little stop signs and crosswalks.

We need one of those in the town where I live, but for high-school students. They have the best computers that property taxes can buy, have been schooled in how to use condoms, but at lunchtime, rather than walk 30 feet to a crossing, they run across a busy four-lane thoroughfare to get to the Taco Bell. It's only a matter of time before the feds sue Taco Bell after they finish with the gun manufacturers.

Somewhere in San José, I noticed a very long line of people snaking its way around several corners. My genial tour host told me they were Nicaraguan illegals trying to get papers so they could work. There are now a half-million illegal Nicaraguans in Costa Rica. I thought all the trouble was over in Nicaragua. I mean, it had free elections, overseen by President Jimmy, the commies were voted out . . . but that's right, the two Ortega brothers were left in charge of the army. Big change from Somoza, right?

A short digression. I went to the same high school as Barry Seals. Barry was an enterprising lad, flying dope out of Latin America and doing quite well. But the feds caught him and put him on their team. They rigged up his cargo plane with hidden cameras, and that's how we got the film of the Ortega brothers loading dope on Barry's plane in Nicaragua. At this point, I'm hazy on the details, but because of some jurisdictional dispute between our federal dope guys and a federal judge, Barry was not free and clear, but had to go to a "halfway house" punctually at five o'clock every night. That was a death sentence, of course. In a short time, he was shot to death entering the Salvation Army dormitory for his five o'clock curfew. Turned out to be not halfway but all the way.

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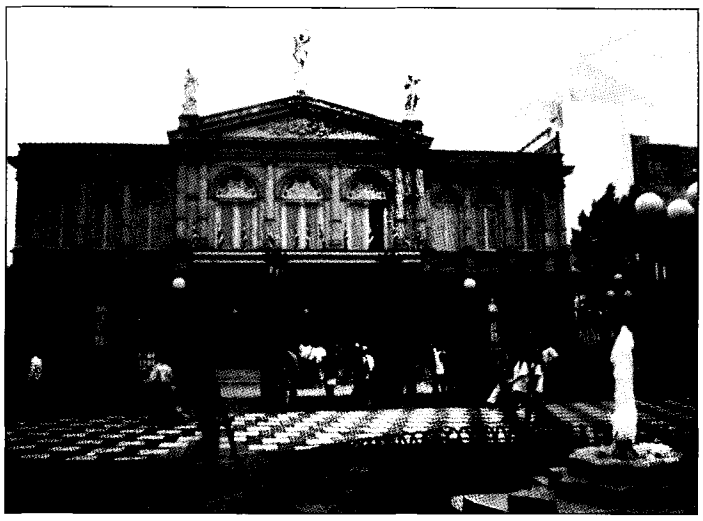


William Vills

The National Theater in San José, Costa Rica, was built in 1897 through a voluntary tax.

Another thing the tour host told us was that when John Kennedy came to Costa Rica, one of its famous volcanoes erupted. The Costa Ricans told him the volcano was saying hello. That's what they thought it was saying. It was actually commenting on the Kennedy women—Marilyn Monroe and Sam Giancanna's mistress on loan to the White House.

We toured what some call the prettiest building in San José, the National Theater, built in 1897. The capital city is said to be built on coffee, and the rich coffee planters and merchants volunteered for a tax (what?!) on coffee that paid for this baroque opera house (which also hosts Julio Iglesias and Jethro Tull). Belgian architects drew up the plans, and the metal superstructure was made in Belgium, but what struck me the most was how dominant Italian artists were. Some painters and decorators were brought to Costa Rica: Serra, Andreoli, Ferrario, and Fontana. Others, like Bulgarelli and Froli, did the sculpture for the façade, and inside there are statues by Genovese artist Pietro Capurro. Our guide pointed to a scene on the ceiling and remarked that the buxom lasses did not look at all like Costa Rican women. The Italian artist had simply painted the Italian women he knew.

The best of the tour for me was the National Museum, housed in what had been an army barracks that was part of the fighting during the civil war of 1948, the pockmarks of firing in evidence. After the war, the army was dissolved. (That's one way to do it.) Inside the courtyard were huge stone balls, so big I thought no cannon could fire them. Later, I found out that no one knows with certainty what they are . . . just that they are not cannonballs. Some think they are simply products of geological forces, but others think they might have been pre-Columbian boundary markers. Though not primarily a natural history museum, the place did contain some stuffed animals and birds, and the prettiest vulture I have ever seen—wish ours were that handsome while not in flight.

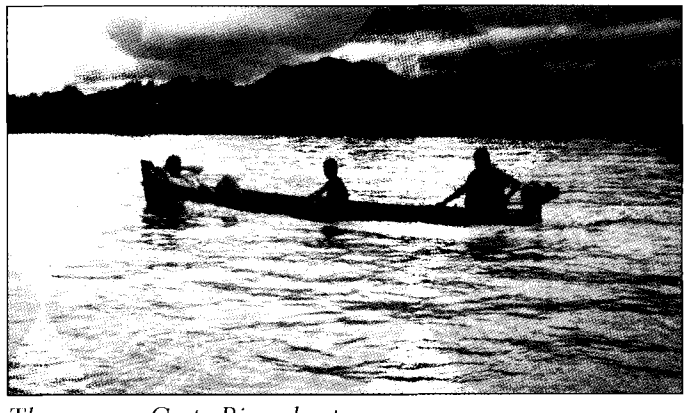
Being an *aficionado* of archaeology, I was attracted to the pre-Columbian pottery, the early workings in gold, and especially the stone carvings. The average *metate* for grinding corn is carved on simple, functional lines; the *metate* in the museum clearly served other purposes. Museum notes said they were found on graves. The time and energy needed to craft such artifacts set one to pondering the relationship between beauty and death, beauty and rebirth. Carved during a time when most of one's effort was directed to elemental survival, the *metate* puzzle us about their intent. Looking backward, the carver could have done it out of gratitude for his own life, which stood on the shoulders of the deceased; looking forward, perhaps also from respect and gratitude, he was offering the dead a *metate* for the corn he would need to grind in the underworld, the world from which corn surely came. In any case, an elegy in stone.

Next morning, I was winging it across the mountains to the east and then over the emerald jungle. We made a landing at Tortugero on the coast, then headed north to Barra Colorado. Both landings on the short strips made me hope, for the sake of my wife, that I had put all my financial affairs in order. Four or five fishermen were waiting to board the return flight to San José, and I asked one of them whether he'd had any luck. After a couple of expletives, he said, "My whole groin is black and blue from fighting fish." Oddly, for a fisherman, this was good news.

A local man who was to be my guide took me to the river, and we boarded a little skiff upriver to Casa Mar. The landing-strip side of the river was a little more upscale than the other side, but there was the same laid-back, lethargic world of the Caribbean. Houses thrown together, roofed with odd pieces of tin, people lying on the porch or in hammocks inside. It was still early in the morning. Soon, only the bush lined the side of the river and familiar egrets waded or flew over.

Bill Barnes has owned the fishing camp, Casa Mar, for 32 years. Born in Maryland, he grew up in the South, settling in Homestead, Florida. After coaching and teaching biology, he took up his real love, fishing. I do not know if Bill holds other records, but I know he held the IGFA record for snook on 15-lb. tippet, 26 lbs., back in 1980. He has created the kind of place other men dream about as they look out the windows of their offices back stateside. No discos or spas, no haute cuisine, just a fishing camp with good American-Caribbean home cooking. The grounds of Casa Mar are carefully tended, the grass kept short to help keep out the fer-de-lance, the bushmaster, and the boa constrictor. From my cabin, I always passed beautiful small orchids on the way to the open-air dining room or the adjacent bar.

I no sooner dropped my bags, changed clothes, and wolfed down a breakfast of bacon and eggs with fresh pineapple and guava on the side than I got aboard my skiff and we were away. We retraced our way to Barra, then on a mile or so, where



William Vills

Three young Costa Rican boatmen.

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Ramon, my guide, pulled up at a little shack on the shore, a hand-drawn sign announcing "Naval Station." He showed one of the sleepy naval attendants a document permitting him to go out and fish, and we were off. I noticed an amusing "gun emplacement," sandbags about 18 inches high and no gun. No doubt to stop an invasion by sea.

Just as the Rio Colorado meets the Caribbean, the surf is often quite rough, especially with an incoming tide and/or a west-flowing wind. Once we were beyond the breakers the first morning, the water was calm, and there were lots of small boats about. During late summer and early fall, the tarpon stack up just outside the mouth of the river. They are not always there like fenced-in cattle, but most of the time they are in the vicinity. Guides from other fishing camps are loath to radio anyone else about where the fish are, for soon 20 or 30 boats will be working the same area.

We soon cut the motor and were "jigging" with a two-ounce Coast Hawk, a lure made in Adkins, Texas. This is not what one normally thinks of as a jig; there is no skirt, no single-weighted head. Rather, the Coast Hawk is a three-inch long piece of painted metal, an eye painted on either side, and two treble hooks. After an hour or so of constantly raising the rod, then letting the lure settle, I lost confidence, and we began to troll big Rapalas a quarter-mile offshore. Bingo! A big silver king launched himself out of the water 50 yards back, and the work began.

I had never brought a tarpon to gaff. The preceding April, when the water had warmed enough for tarpon in the Everglades, I hooked one while trolling a small mangrove river, the treetops covering it completely. In that shadowy sanctuary, when a five-foot tarpon came exploding into this small space, I knew I was in love. It did not matter that he eventually wrapped the line around a mangrove root and was gone. I knew I would pursue.

What I had not anticipated was what would happen when the fish remained hooked, or what having a chair to fight it in would have meant. At least my guide had brought an ancient belt for the rod butt. Standing on the moving deck of the bow while pumping the rod, I invented a new dance form. After an hour of this, a large wooden fishing boat waited nearby, the men yelling back and forth to Ramon. I kept thinking, "I can't cut the line now . . . mustn't lose face with this audience." Finally, after an hour and 15 minutes, we brought the fish to gaff. One hundred and twenty-five pounds.

For anyone looking at the photograph of this tarpon, obviously in no condition to be released in good Flip Pallot fashion, here's the story. The fellows in the other boat had asked Ramon if their families could have the tarpon to eat. Ramon radioed someone and got permission. No tarpon fisherman I knew ate tarpon (which is good for the tarpon, unlike the tuna, which is too delicious for its own good), but this fish would be made into "tarpon balls" for the folks in the village of Barra Colorado.

Worn-out from my deck ballet, I skipped lunch and enjoyed a siesta. As bad luck would have it, I hooked another one after lunch. Since he was only 70 pounds, I managed to whip him in shorter time. I caught two more the next day (one on a Coast Hawk), and after that decided I was going to major in a smaller species. We tried for big snook, wading in the surf; I had no luck. The sharks that feed in the surf here put an edge on the experience, however.

Even though it is against the law, some of the locals net snook. There are just a few narrow outlets to the sea, and a few natives string nets across whole outlets. They cannot miss. But this is killing the goose that lays the golden egg, because visiting fishermen bring in far more money for the economy. The locals are only paid $1.10 per pound for snook, which are sent to San José. A sports fisherman may catch one, and he spends an average of $350 a day. Using restraint requires the long view, of course, and that is sometimes difficult for a local who gets between two and three dollars for a whole stalk of bananas.

In one sense, the sea beyond Barra Colorado looks like the sea or gulf off Florida or Louisiana. But when one goes upriver into the jungle, he is hit by the great difference between the temperate and the tropical zones; by the fecundity, the teeming, overflowing life, of the tropics. I cannot imagine this ever not being a mysterious place, and sometimes a dangerous place. I once lived in the bush in Nicaragua where large snakes would wander across the yard while hawks dive-bombed them, and occasionally we would find jaguar tracks along the creek in front of our house.

Bill Barnes had lately brought a young black and tan puppy to Casa Mar; the dog wandered about in an olfactory bliss of scents. My first night, I heard the growling of what had to be a jaguar not far from my cabin, and the black and tan howling in pursuit, all while a light rain hit the tin roof. I hoped that the puppy did not catch up with that cat. But I was happily in my bed, feeling all the great palpability of this vast world and reveling in it. The next day, I asked about the commotion, and several others had heard it, too. It turned out, though, there was no jaguar at all, but a couple of howler monkeys raising Cain. That's all right . . . I'll take that over boom boxes and traffic jams any day.

William Mills, a novelist and poet, is the editor of Images of Kansas City. *His latest work of fiction is* Properties of Blood.

William Mills

Chronicles *corresponding editor with his 125-pound tarpon.*

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RELIGION

The Goddess and the Bride

by Harold O.J. Brown

"And the LORD God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. . . . And the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam" (Genesis 2:18, 21). In between the Lord's observation that it is not good for man to be alone and the deep sleep that he caused to fall upon him, the animals were formed, but not one of them was "an help meet for man." God made man and then rested (2:2ff.): Man must have rested too, as we know that he was put to sleep. Then God made woman, and since then neither God nor man has rested.

In a book written at the end of World War II, *Victors, Beware!*, Salvador de Madariaga, a former minister in exile from Franco's Spain, warned that the push for equality (or rather, sameness) will not stop until it attempts to create equivalency in the one place where nature itself will not permit it, namely, between the sexes. De Madariaga comments, "Men and women are two equal exemplars of human being, without whose conjoined action life is neither possible nor pleasant." This seems intuitively true, but that intuition is increasingly unacceptable. Discrimination is forbidden, and with it every principle of order and distinction. The two sexes are equal in dignity and worth, equal before God, but they are not equivalent in role and function, and the effort to make them so is injurious to the Church, to Christian faith, and even to the doctrine of God itself.

The distribution of rights, responsibilities, and roles between the sexes has proved very hard to establish by civil law. If we look only at laws and social conventions, we may misunderstand reality. Cicero reportedly said, "We Romans rule the world, and our wives rule us."

What the Genesis 2 story tells us, if an allegorical interpretation may be permitted, is that the Woman made her entrance when the Man was not paying attention. Perhaps if he'd had his eyes open from the beginning, he would not have allowed himself to get into the trouble that followed. He would never have needed to utter that most ancient of all male excuses: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat" (Genesis 3:12).

What these and similar passages hint is that the relationship between the two sexes is too complex to be summed up in a single slogan such as "equality" or "submission." From a biblical perspective, two things ought to be evident: first, that both sexes are created in the image of God (Genesis 1:26ff.) and that there is no sexual priority or preference with respect to salvation (Galatians 3:28); second, that in both the Old and the New Testament there is a difference of rights, responsibilities, and roles between the sexes, a difference that in some cases is explicitly termed *submission*, as in Ephesians 5:22, the celebrated instruction to wives to submit to their husbands. In other words, the equality of the sexes in nature and dignity is not incompatible with a relationship of submission. This is precisely what the feminists cannot endure.

Outside of the Christian sphere—and to a certain extent even within it—there is a desire to redefine God as goddess, or at least to discover a feminine side. Among the neopagans emerging from a Christian context, there is talk of a feminine Christa, of Sophia as a feminine counterpart to the masculine Jesus, or even of an Earth-goddess Gaia. None of these ideas is compatible with orthodox Christianity—Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, or Protestant. For them, Christ is the husband, and the Church, His bride; a similar relationship is seen between God and his people Israel. But one does not need to become a worshipper of Gaia to lose important aspects of Christian faith and life. There are feminists within more orthodox Christian circles, and to them too the principle of submission is so odious that they will reconceptualize the very nature of God as Trinity in order to abolish it.

To return to Adam's sin, there are several ways of interpreting his motivation: some say unbelief, some say pride, some say the desire to be autonomous, a law unto himself. The idea of human autonomy is foreign to the most fundamental themes of biblical faith, beginning with the Creation, for if there was a divine Creation, then there is an order of being, and no creature can be autonomous. Among nonbelievers, one way in which the human desire for autonomy expresses itself is the zeal with which the doctrine of naturalistic human evolution is proclaimed and the ferocity with which those who question it are attacked. The nonbeliever cannot tolerate the idea of Creation, with its concept of a divinely established order, for if man is a created being, who owes gratitude and obedience to the Creator, he cannot be truly autonomous. If he is only the product of natural forces, then there is no order to which he must conform.

Believers, of course, cannot deny Creation and the biblical concept that man is made in the image and likeness of the Creator (Genesis 1:26). If there is an order or hierarchy within the deity, then there is nothing surprising about an order within humanity. The hostility of Christian feminists to the biblical instruction that the woman shall submit to her husband, the husband being "the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church" (Ephesians 5:23), is so strong that some feminists are not content with eliminating subordination in the human family but want to eliminate it as a principle from the life of God Himself. For present-day feminists, any form of subordination or submission is odious and means that the subordinate is being treated as inferior to the superior. What then do they make of the passages in Scripture where the Son, though equal in nature and dignity to the Father, clearly subordinates his will to the Father's? They interpret the subordination out of these passages and out of the understanding of the Trinity that they convey.

Where there is subordination, there cannot be equality. Therefore, some feminists go so far as to redefine the relationship of the Persons in the Trinity in order to reaffirm the contention that subordination by its very nature destroys equality. This interpretation runs afoul of the traditional understanding of the relationship of the Persons in the Trinity, where there is both equality of nature and dignity and an economic or "household" subordination of the Son and the Holy Spirit to the Father.

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Traditionally, Christian theologians have made a distinction between ontological and economic subordination. Ontology refers to being, and orthodox Christian doctrine teaches that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit possess all of the attributes of deity equally. Economy refers not to the Person's essential nature, but to His role. Thus the Father "gives" the Son (John 3:16) and "sends" the Holy Spirit in the Son's name (John 14:26) after the Son "prays" the Father (14:16); in the next chapter, Jesus speaks of "the Spirit of truth, whom I will send unto you from the Father" (John 15:26). The Father does not "pray" the Son; He sends Him. The ontological coequality—the equality of nature of the Persons of the Trinity—is affirmed in the Niceno-Constantinopolitan Creed of 381 and strongly stressed in the so-called *Quicumque vult* or Athanasian Creed of perhaps two centuries later.

It took the Christian Church several centuries to understand that the Persons of the Trinity can be equal while two of them submit to the third. Today, some Christian feminists argue that submission is not possible between equals, and that it therefore cannot be found within the godhead. Of course, this implies that there can be no roles or tasks reserved for one sex, or denied to the other.

Three spheres in which roles and responsibilities have been defined differently for men and women within Christendom are the family, the military, and the church. Because a male cannot be a mother nor a female a father, we drop that sex-specific language and say "parents." Within both Judaism and Christianity, indeed almost universally in all human culture, the military profession has been reserved for males. The passage in Ephesians mentioned above continues by saying that Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for *her*, strongly implying that husbands should be prepared to die for their wives rather than *vice versa*. And within both Judaism and Christianity, the rabbinate, priesthood, and ministry have been restricted to men. This is breaking down among both Jews and Protestants, while Orthodox Jews, Catholics, Eastern Orthodox, and conservative Protestant Christians retain it, at least for the time being.

In personal correspondence with this writer, philosopher Steven Goldberg, author of *Why Men Must Rule*, expressed the conviction that, if the Christian ministry is an authority position, few women will be attracted to it; if, however, large numbers of women are brought into it by the setting and enforcement of quotas, it will cease to be an authority position. Thus the feminization of the Church is rendering her increasingly impotent to exercise moral or even spiritual authority.

According to biblical doctrine, the human predicament is the result of the Fall of Man. Even though Eve first disobeyed and ate the forbidden fruit, Christian theology attributes the Fall and our consequent damaged nature to the sin of Adam, according a sad preeminence to our male progenitor. Thus, as there was a certain "order" in rebellion, there has traditionally been a certain order in restoration and submission. This order does not entail or even suggest a difference in dignity or worth between man and woman; when it is assumed that it does, and that it must be rejected for that reason, the ministry, the Church, and ultimately the way of salvation are all damaged.

Interestingly, one of the great fourth-century theologians, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, uses the imagery of submission found in Ephesians 5 in the reverse sense: Just as both the wife and her husband are equal in dignity and honor, and she nevertheless submits to her husband in marriage, so the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are equal in dignity and being, yet the second and third Persons submit to the Father. Gregory's argument is interesting because it reveals two things about the relationship of husbands and wives in the early Church: First, equality of dignity and honor was taken for granted, for otherwise the argument could not have been used; and second, equality between partners is compatible with the "economic" submission of one partner to another.

In our own day, the idea of personal autonomy is so compelling and the idea of submission in any form so repugnant that even among conservative Protestant theologians, some feminists, such as Gilbert Bilazekian, insist that there is no submission within the Trinity, not even "economic" subordination, for if there is, it is possible to argue that the principle of wifely submission implies an ontological inequality between the sexes, and inequality between the human sexes is the one thing that absolutely cannot be. Although the non-theologian may not see the significance of this feminist reading back of the principle of non-submission into the relationship between the Father and the Son in the Trinity, it shows that the principle of non-subordination (insubordination?) is so fundamental for the feminist that it requires a redefinition of the godhead itself.

Must all offices in the church become coed? There may come a time when it will be so, when pope and patriarchs, Missouri Synod Lutherans and Orthodox Jews, will fall in line and accept it. If and when that happens, we may assume that Church and synagogue will forfeit those vestiges of authority that remain to them. And indeed, if God Himself must be "restructured" to conform to the human demand that equality equal equivalency, how can the Church claim immunity?

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MUSIC

Excuse Me, I Think I've Got a Heartache

by Janet Scott Barlow

One sure sign of advancing age is a transition in our perceptions of unchanging events: What was once on some level interesting or amusing is now simply irritating. As a few things become more important, many things become more boring; while there's more to love, there's less to like. Time robs us of—or frees us from—certain degrees of patience.

So allow me to introduce myself: I am 55 years old, and I will be known hereafter as That Crank. As I survey one of life's major diversions and influences—popular culture—I find I hate just about all of it. As I further survey my own personal corner of pop culture, i.e., country music, I realize that I am one bitter, defeated gal. Follow that trail of tears down to the river of memories, and there you'll find me, cranking for all I'm worth.

By definition, popular music is fluid. Were it not, we wouldn't have had Elvis, so that's reason enough right there to celebrate. But the fluidity of country music has always existed within a self-prescribed

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context. What this means in practical terms, for both country musicians and their audiences, is that you can do just about anything with the music's sensibility except force it. It was okay for Tony Bennett to sing "Cold Cold Heart," as long as he didn't try to sound like Hank Williams. And it's all right for Willie Nelson to sing "Stardust" (though personally I'd prefer that he didn't), as long as he does it unself-consciously.

But we live in highly—indeed, invasively—self-conscious times, and no genre of pop culture any longer possesses its own parameters, much less its own definitions. America is now one big uniculture, as virtually everyone from U.S. presidents to hillbilly singers blindly breaks the first rule of cool by straining to be hip. Country music is uniquely unsuited to pretensions of hipness, and as a result of its current efforts in that regard, it is going to hell.

Of course, country music is always going to hell, or at least coming close. In 1974, during a live broadcast of the Country Music Association Awards, dear old Roy Acuff, he of Maynardsville, Tennessee, the first living member elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame, was called upon to present the award for Female Vocalist of the Year. That award had been won in the two preceding years by Loretta Lynn, and would be won in the two years that followed by Dolly Parton, but in 1974 the award went to . . . well, let's listen to Mr. Acuff's announcement: "And the winner is: Oliver Newton-John."

The combination of bewilderment and annoyance that crossed Mr. Acuff's face suggested thoughts along the lines of: *For all we know, this Newton-John feller could be some pop singer from Australia.* The fact that Newton-John actually was a pop singer from Australia, albeit a female, merely justified Roy Acuff's befuddlement. If he looked like a man who had opened his front door to see a stranger standing in his house, it was because he had.

As a musician, Roy Acuff walked on stage and did his thing as straightforwardly as anyone who ever lived. If the harmless, mosquito-voiced Olivia Newton-John could throw him for a loop, what would he have thought of, say, the fully evolved Garth Brooks? Brooks does not give performances; he stages musical approximations of the Second Coming, with himself in the middle of things: Jesus in a cowboy hat. Like so many country-based singers, male and female, Brooks has adopted the I'm-going-for-a-stroke approach to vocalizing. Veins bulge, eyes roll, screaming occurs. It's quite gruesome, really—as if all of Nashville had been seized by the spirit of Whitney Houston. To give Garth Brooks his due, however, I will note that he was responsible for the second biggest laugh I ever had during a country awards show. A few years back, while accepting one of many trophies he would receive that evening, Brooks announced, "I'd like to thank God, because He's done a hell of a lot for me."

But those laughs were all in my pre-Crank days. This year's CMA ceremony was, like the music it featured, overdone, artificially muscular, and faintly tragic—as if someone had decided to force-feed steroids to Babe Ruth. I didn't laugh when the back-up dancers in the very long skirts, which covered the very tall stilts, were suddenly hoisted by invisible wires high into the air, where they hung like mutant moths. I didn't laugh when members of some group called 'N Sync, one with flamingo-colored hair, coupled up, to hideous musical effect, with Alabama. And I didn't laugh when Vince Gill informed viewers *in advance* that the coming duet of Merle Haggard and pop singer Jewel would be "one of the neatest moments of the night." (It's so happening to have the Hag singing with Jewel, isn't it?) No, I didn't laugh. What I did was switch off the set.

What do you do when you reach not only the point where something you love fails to gratify you, but where the goofy distortion of something you love fails to amuse you? You do what cranks and fogies always do: You turn backward. Whereupon you do again what cranks and fogies always do: You sigh, "Why, the view is *fantastic*!"

These days, one of the great sights on the past's landscape is Bob Wills. Listening to Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys today is not only sheer pleasure, it's pure inspiration, an example of what can happen to country music when it is left alone to amalgamate naturally.

Fortunately, Bob Wills is not some overlooked country musician who failed to get his due. Wills has been the subject of full-length biographies, as well as wonderful tribute albums by Merle Haggard and Asleep at the Wheel, among others. Musicians are drawn to Wills' music because it is a supple, seamless blend of the influences Wills himself loved: country, jazz, blues, cowboy ballads, Tex-Mex, and big band. He played waltzes, he played polkas, he played two-steps—Saturday night dance music that was at once original and authentic. As for the songs Bob Wills wrote ("Take Me Back to Tulsa," "Stay a Little Longer"), they were often funny, sometimes witty, and possessed of a light throwaway feel that could disguise the jazzbo poetry of his lyrics and the lovely finesse of his sound.

Today we can listen, free of nostalgia, to the music of Bob Wills because it exemplifies excellence. It doesn't sound dated, because it was created by an innovator rather than an imitator. It is tongue-in-cheek (though not unserious), while retaining the grace of a swan and the polish of a new penny. Wills made recordings that now, over 50 years later, remain fully accessible as entertainment, yet genuinely sophisticated in their musicianship. As practiced by Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys, western swing was both high-energy and laid back: It was irrefutably, infinitely cool. To most people, anyway.

In the course of a 35-year effort to generate in my husband an appreciation of, if not a love for, country music, I have imposed upon him the recordings of everyone from Randy Travis to Ernest Tubb (whom my husband, early in our marriage, obliviously referred to as Ernie Tubbs, causing me, appalled, to question how his otherwise devoted parents could so have neglected his musical education). To make a long story short, I have failed. My husband's overall view is that country music exists not for enrichment but for laughs. (Ernest Tubb, Ernie Tubbs—what's the difference with a name like that?)

Still, I soldier on, and before a drive to Chicago last fall, I loaded the car's CD player with a two-volume set of Bob Wills' greatest hits. Yes! At last I would make progress. After all, what's not to like about Bob Wills? There's a little something for everyone in his music.

So there we were, barely out of the driveway, about 30 seconds into "San Antonio Rose," when old Bob lets loose with one of his trademark high-pitched *Ahh-haa*s, a genial sound if ever I heard one. And my husband, startled, says, "What is that? What's he doing? What's wrong with him?" Oh, I gits weary and sick o' tryin'. What *was* that? It was a Bob Wills *Ahh-haa*. What was he *doing*? He was doing what suited him. What was *wrong* with him? Exactly nothing.

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We drove to Chicago without the accompaniment of Bob Wills—*and* without the accompaniment of whatever football game my rabid-fan husband was just itching to find on the radio. "Why listen to football?" I asked. "The game's gone downhill since the days of the great Packer coach Vinnie Lombardo." My husband: "*Vinnie Lombardo*?!" Me: "*Ernie Tubbs*?!" Not for nothing have I become That Crank.

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FILM

Seeing Is Not Believing

by George McCartney

The Limey

Produced by Artisan Entertainment
Directed by Steven Soderbergh
Screenplay by Lem Dobbs
Released by Artisan Entertainment

The Insider

Produced by Touchstone Pictures
Directed by Michael Mann
Screenplay by Eric Roth from a Vanity Fair *article by Marie Brenner*
Released by Buena Vista Pictures

Pokemon: The First Movie

Produced by 4 Kids Entertainment and Shogakukan
Directed by Michael Haigney and Kunohiko Yuyama
Screenplay by Norman J. Grossfeld and Takeshi Shud (English version)
Released by Warner Bros.

If it is to succeed, a narrative film, whether fact or fiction, must persuade us to believe in its events as they unreel before our eyes. Of the three movies being reviewed this month, *Pokemon* comes closest to achieving this holy grail of storytelling. The other two, *The Limey* and *The Insider*, mock our will to believe at every turn.

The Limey is misconceived from frame one. Let's begin with director Steven Soderbergh's choice of 60-year-old Terence Stamp to play the title character. Stamp is David Wilson, a British career criminal come to Los Angeles to revenge his daughter's murder. He's supposed to be a tough, relentless Cockney with street-trained reflexes, a man who inspires fear in all he meets. There's just one small problem. Although athletic in his youth, Stamp has never looked especially menacing. Today, he seems weathered, even frail. Worse, he walks with a sidling gait left over from his transsexual role in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*. So when the script calls for him to recover instantly from a beating at the hands of five beefy drug dealers, hunt them down, and permanently dispatch them, the viewer's credulity is strained. It snaps altogether when he tangles with a former footballer turned security guard and throws the bruiser over a four-foot railing to his death. Even if you wanted to continue suspending your disbelief, it's virtually impossible when someone remarks that the thug weighed 400 pounds. (Surely this is Hollywood exaggeration. The man doesn't look an ounce over 300.)

Even Stamp's Cockney lingo is unconvincing. He's given East End argot by the yard, but he speaks it with a halting, over-pronounced manner as though he has just finished a Berlitz course in underclass dialect and feels compelled to explain its odd locutions as he goes. "He's me new China," he says of an L.A. associate. Get it? China is plate and plate rhymes with mate, so it's his way of calling the fellow his friend. Maybe subtitles would have done the trick.

Soderbergh tries to give the proceedings some desperately needed excitement by shuffling his montage back and forth in time. In a much discussed gimmick, he even includes footage from a 1967 film, *Poor Cow*, showing Stamp as a young man. Some critics have hailed this as innovative. I suppose it's meant to invest Stamp's character with additional poignancy by reminding us that the poor fellow is now well beyond middle age. Well, yes, if we don't we check out early, we do get older. So what?

As Wilson's sleazy prey, Peter Fonda fares better. He's a corrupt rock-and-roll record producer (pardon the redundancy) who made heaps in the 60's and now keeps adolescent nymphets on his arm to remind him of the old days. His current cutie, Stacy (Nicky Katt), looks barely out of grade school. She plays nearly all her scenes laving herself luxuriously in either her sugar daddy's swimming pool or his bathtub. Alert the symbol police! More wanton rebirth iconography.

In perhaps the film's best moment, Stacy deflates Fonda by talking about him as though he were an artifact of history. When he complains he's not a thing, she coolly defends herself. "Well, you're certainly not a person. You're not specific enough." Ouch! Remarks like this understandably send Fonda fleeing to the nearest mirror to primp his hair, clothes, and teeth. O youth and beauty!

Soderbergh has tried to create a sweet-and-sour elegy to the 60's presided over by two of the period's faded icons. Too bad he didn't get a script worthy of even this threadbare intention.

The script for Michael Mann's *The Insider* has indisputably good intentions, and that's its major problem.

Nearly two hours into this 155-minute melodrama, we hit pay dirt only to discover it's fool's gold. After much hand-wringing, whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand (Russell Crowe) rats out his former employer, Brown and Williamson, in a *60 Minutes* interview with Mike Wallace (Christopher Plummer). Playing Wigand as a man choking on his own barely suppressed rage, Crowe stumbles bullishly to the point. While at Brown and Williamson, he had argued against "impact boosting," a practice that increases a cigarette's nicotine payload by adding ammonia to its tobacco. (For pure poetry, nothing beats corporate speak.) In other words, he continues, tobacco companies are in the "nicotine delivery business." Hearing this, Wallace leans in for the kill. Translating Wigand's words into sound-bite eloquence, he asks him a lawyerly leading question in the form of a statement. "Put it in your mouth," he intones, "light it up; you're going to get your fix?" Wigand takes the bait and repeats Wallace's words: "You're going to get your fix."

In a film that trumpets journalistic virtue at every turn, Plummer's uncannily accurate portrayal of Wallace slyly gives the game away. His pouched eyes

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narrow to gleaming slits, his mouth purses in a dry smile. He looks for all the world like an iguana who has just eaten a particularly succulent cockroach. You half expect to see a forked tongue slither from between his wrinkled lips. He's got what he wants. It's the fix his audience craves, the all-American stimulant: moral outrage. There's nothing like it for impact-boosting your ratings!

That is what's wrong with *The Insider*. Rather than deliver a reasoned exposition of the tobacco issue, Mann has chosen to give his audience a fix that will make them feel morally superior for a few hours but change nothing when the narcotic wears off. He does this by featuring the more cinematically sensational aspects of Wigand's case without really digging into it. In the process, he virtually ignores the real story which, as with so much else in America's public life, lies with the legal community and their wondrous ability to cloud issues behind nearly impenetrable smokescreens.

Wigand is portrayed as a troubled, irascible man who, despite his $300,000-plus salary, felt undervalued as Brown and Williamson's director of research. He had previously worked for Pfizer and Johnson & Johnson and had always thought of himself as "a man of science" before being lured away by Big Tobacco's money. He had rationalized his move by telling himself he might do some good in his new position, perhaps devising a safer cigarette. But once at B&W, he soon discovered that science took a backseat to profits. Eventually falling out with the company's leaders, he received a handsome settlement in severance pay and benefits on the condition that he strictly observe the confidentiality agreement he was pressured to sign.

A question arises: Given that, since at least the 1950's, every sentient American has known that cigarettes are addictive and harmful, why would Wigand feel compelled to divulge this on broadcast television at such financial risk to himself and his family? True, he was the first to reveal conclusively that tobacco companies knowingly manipulate their product's nicotine content, but was this really a surprise? Isn't this giving the customers what they want? Besides, does this knowledge add anything substantive to the public's understanding of the danger cigarettes pose? The film suggests Wigand was driven over the edge by B&W's ham-handed policy of enforcing his silence with intimidation. We are treated to scenes of stalkings, death threats, even a bullet left in his mailbox, each given the full Hollywood treatment—ominous music, claustrophobic close-ups, off-balance handheld camera shots, and quickened montage. But the closing credits admit that none of these alleged abuses was ever substantiated. So did Wigand deliver his message merely out of spite? Or was there another motive?

We know that one special-interest group has found Wigand's declaration immensely helpful: the personal-injury lawyers who had been longing to sue Big Tobacco on behalf of diseased smokers and state health-care programs. Wigand gave them the bullet they needed to bring down this cash cow that had eluded them for decades. This is the real story, but Mann gets it seriously wrong. In the film, all the anti-tobacco lawyers with whom Wigand cooperates come off as selfless public servants. Nothing could be further from the truth. For a good treatment of the legal operatives behind the scenes in the tobacco wars, see Peter Pringle's book, *Cornered: Big Tobacco at the Bar of Justice*. Pringle reveals how the industry's lawyers and their anti-tobacco adversaries cut a sweetheart deal that promises to enrich all concerned participants—except the small tobacco farmer. How much good it will do the general public, especially the poor bastards who are foolish enough to continue smoking, remains to be seen. The settlement ($368.5 billion, to be paid out to the states participating in the suit over 25 years) is enormous, but will these funds actually be used to defray our taxes and medical costs? Or, like state lotto proceeds officially earmarked for education, will they mysteriously disappear into other programs, ones a little closer to our representatives' tender hearts? New York City and Nassau County on Long Island are already planning to balance their wantonly mismanaged budgets by issuing bonds backed by the tobacco payday. Where there's smoke . . .

The judgment against the industry sounds staggering. But the big tobacco companies have it all figured out. First, they're lowering their costs by importing more and more tobacco from overseas while cutting the small American tobacco grower out of the market. Second, they're paying for the settlement by colluding in "legal" price fixing, raising cigarette prices to cover their debt. Third, whatever part of the settlement is not covered by this surcharge, they'll take as a tax deduction. All in all, not a bad arrangement when you consider that the terms of the agreement also insulate them from any further lawsuits on behalf of their croaking customers. And our heroes, the anti-tobacco lawyers? Well, by golly, they've hit the tobacco jackpot. They're in line for fees of 15 to 25 percent of this settlement, making some of them multi-millionaires, if not billionaires.

Both sides have conveniently ignored the question of individual responsibility. Couldn't Americans be considered capable of deciding on their own whether or not to risk smoking? No. It wouldn't do for the counselors to bring this up because it would put their exorbitant fees at risk. On the other hand, those defending the industry could never admit that smoking was ever anything but a simple pleasure to be indulged as customers freely chose. If they admitted for a moment that tobacco has drug properties, the FDA would claim the right to regulate it as it does other pharmacological substances. Simple honesty is the first victim in our litigious society.

And so we've had to endure the pathetic comedy of the cigarette wars for more than three decades, culminating in a sadly hilarious spectacle in 1994 when the heads of the major cigarette companies were brought before Henry Waxman's Health and Environment House Subcommittee. Swathed in their $3,500 suits and coifed to a fare-thee-well, the Seven Dwarves, as they're affectionately known in the industry, stood up to the representatives with joint resolve. Adhering to their legally scripted position, each swore in turn that it had never once occurred to him to "believe" cigarettes were addictive. If you've ever wondered why CEOs are paid their obscenely inflated salaries, here's the answer. The cool effrontery of these men was truly priceless.

Rather than trouble us with all this, Mann chose to focus primarily on the journalists involved, principally Lowell Bergman, the CBS producer who lured and shepherded Wigand into his moment of media fame on *60 Minutes*. Played by Al Pacino, Bergman is supposed to be a latter-day John the Baptist risking his journalistic head to herald the truth. However, Pacino didn't convince me that Bergman was anything more than a hotshot reporter who saw, in the short-fused Wigand, his chance for a sensational score. There's nothing wrong in this. Journalists are supposed to go for scoops, even those that are more appar-

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ent than real. And Bergman is to be commended for fighting against those at CBS who wanted to spike the interview lest it invite a lawsuit from Brown and Williamson and sour the network's pending sale to Westinghouse. The film's moral posturing over Bergman's battle, however, is at best a sidebar pretending to be the central issue.

Until we kick the habit of moral outrage, we'll never be able to think clearly enough about tobacco to address its dangers effectively. We'll just throw more money at it, hoping it will go away. Has our dreadful experience in trying to regulate and ban other drugs not taught us anything? To introduce the law and its main-chance minions into these matters is to invite waste, crime, corruption, and untold misery, not to mention the insufferable moralizing of media celebrities and Hollywood filmmakers.

And now a closing word about a film that exerts no serious strain on our will to believe: *Pokemon: The First Movie*. (The subtitle is a voluntary warning label.) The production is a colorful, stylized Japanese cartoon of ineffable cross-cultural dynamics—which is to say I have no idea what it's about. Can anyone tell me why all the human characters look Western? Is there an Asian version of these cartoons? Well, I won't press these questions. Liam, my ten-year-old son, was completely charmed by these pocket monsters, which is, I learned, what "Pokemon" means. That was good enough for me, especially at matinee prices.

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GUNS

The Founders' Reading of Ancient History

by David B. Kopel

Why is the Second Amendment under such constant attack? One important reason is the depressing historical ignorance of most Americans, particularly of classical history.

But suppose that modern students were required to read Tacitus, Plutarch, Livy, and other classical historians. The Founders of the American Republic all knew the sad story of the Roman Republic. What the Founders had learned were lessons that illustrate the importance of a virtuous armed populace as an essential check on the inevitable depredations of a central government and its standing army.

Carl Richard's excellent *The Founders and the Classics: Greece, Rome, and the American Enlightenment* is the first book to examine exactly what the Founders learned from ancient history. Let's look at some of the lessons which illuminate the Second Amendment.

While those who support gun prohibition declare that the Second Amendment is obsolete, the Founders understood that events of many years past could provide useful guidance for the present. John Adams wrote that whenever he read Thucydides and Tacitus, "I seem to be only reading the History of my own Times and my own Life."

The Founders did not believe that tyranny should be resisted only passively. Dennis Henigan, lead attorney for anti-gun activist Sarah Brady, claims that anyone who believes that an illegitimate government can be resisted by force under the Second Amendment is an "insurrectionist." But the Founders carefully distinguished between legitimate resistance to tyranny and illegitimate insurrection against lawful authority.

For example, after the imposition of the Stamp Act in 1765, John Adams praised "the same great spirit which once gave Caesar so warm a reception" and "which first seated the great grandfather" of King George III on the throne of England. Caesar's assassin Brutus was venerated, as was the much earlier Lucius Brutus, who led the overthrow of Rome's Tarquin monarchy in 510 B.C. Likewise, Thomas Jefferson lamented that so many good Romans chose suicide rather than life under an emperor, when "the better remedy" would be "a poignard [a small dagger] in the breast of the tyrant."

Caesar's use of the standing army to subdue Rome was used by Antifederalists to show that an army drawn from the best, most faithful, and most honorable parts of society could still be used to enslave their country. And even Americans who felt at least a small standing army to be necessary were aware of the dangers. As James Madison wrote in *Federalist* 41, "the liberties of Rome proved the final victim to her military triumphs."

Those concerned about standing armies frequently pointed to the many coups perpetrated by imperial Rome's standing forces. During the final months of Watergate, many citizens worried that President Nixon would mobilize the 82nd Airborne Division in order to retain power, echoing the fear of the imperial presidency articulated by George Mason: "When he is arraigned for treason, he has the command of the army and navy, and may surround the Senate with thirty thousand troops. It brings to recollection the remarkable trial of Milo at Rome."

Mason was referring to the famous trial of T. Annius Milo in 52 B.C. Milo and Clodius were rival demagogues in the decaying Roman Republic. When Milo and his gang ran into Clodius and his gang on the Appian Way, Clodius ended up dead. Milo was put on trial, with the great orator Cicero serving as his defense attorney. Cicero wrote a brilliant argument in Milo's defense, but, after Milo's enemy Pompey surrounded the courtroom with troops, was intimidated into not delivering it as written.

Although Milo was deprived of the benefits of Cicero's eloquence, history was not. The text of the speech survived, and students in colonial America were expected to read Cicero in the original Latin:

> There exists a law, not written down anywhere, but inborn in our hearts; a law which comes to us not by training or custom or reading but by derivation and absorption and adoption from nature itself; a law which has come to us not from theory but from practice, not by instruction but by natural intuition. I refer to the law which lays it down that, if our lives are endangered by plots or violence or armed robbers or enemies, any and every method of protecting ourselves is morally right. When weapons reduce them to silence, the laws no longer expect one to wait their pronouncements. For people who decide to wait for these will have to wait for justice, too—and meanwhile they must suffer injustice first. Indeed, even the wisdom of a law itself, by sort of tacit implication, permits self-defense, because it is not actually forbidden to kill; what it does,

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instead, is to forbid the bearing of a weapon with the intention to kill.

Thus, natural law and common sense make it "morally right" to use deadly force to defend against a deadly attack. James Wilson quoted the above words of Cicero, in full, in a lecture series he gave to the law students at the College of Philadelphia in 1790. The lectures were attended by President Washington, Vice President Adams, Secretary of State Jefferson, and other leaders.

Today, more than half of all Americans live in states where an adult with a clean record can obtain a permit to carry a firearm for lawful protection. Handgun Control, Inc., opposes these laws, claiming that they will lead to murder. But Cicero points out the logical distinction in Roman law: Carrying a weapon for lawful defense was perfectly lawful; carrying with malign intent was a crime.

Later in that speech, Cicero declared, "Civilized people . . . learn that they have to defend their own bodies and persons and lives from violence of any and every kind by all the means within their power."

This lesson, unfortunately, is lost on too many modern Americans, who live in what attorney Jeffrey Snyder, in an essay in the *Public Interest*, terms "A Nation of Cowards." The Founders greatly feared the corruption of the citizenry fostered by Rome's ever-expanding government. The Roman free-bread program produced a vast body of citizens too lazy to work. Similarly, modern American police chiefs who warn citizens not to use force to protect themselves from force "have created a population of millions of people without the courage or character to protect themselves or their families from deadly assault."

Livy wrote a 142-volume history of Rome; 35 of the volumes have survived and were available to the American Founders. Livy tells us that, under the Roman King Servius Tullius (578-535 B.C.) in the days before the Republic was established, "the right to bear arms had belonged solely to the patricians." But then "plebians were given a place in the army, which was to be re-classified according to every man's property, i.e., his ability to provide himself a more or less complete equipment for the field . . . " Thus, all citizens "capable of bearing arms were required to provide" their own weapons.

But when Rome moved away from this militia system toward a mercenary standing army, the character of the citizenry began to decay. As Edward Gibbon, in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, explains:

> In the purer ages of the commonwealth, the use of arms was reserved for those ranks of citizens who had a country to love, a property to defend, and some share in enacting those laws which it was their interest, as well as duty to maintain. But in proportion as the public freedom was lost in extent of conquest, war was gradually improved into an art, and degraded into a trade.

As the Roman standing army secured the vast empire against barbarian incursions, the people of the empire lost their capacity for self-government. "They received laws and governors from the will of their sovereign, and trusted for their defense to a mercenary army," Gibbon explained. The once-great Romans became, morally speaking, "a race of pigmies," and an easy target for the German tribes whose conquest of decrepit Rome finally "restored a manly spirit of freedom."

What lesson was drawn by Gibbon? "A martial nobility and stubborn commons, possessed of arms, tenacious of property, and collected into constitutional assemblies, form the only balance capable of preserving a free constitution against the enterprises of an aspiring prince."

In an oration in 1772 in memory of the Boston Massacre, Joseph Warren recalled Roman history: "It was this noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings to the bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; it was the loss of this which plunged her from that summit into the black gulph of infamy and slavery."

As Carl Richard summarizes:

> The founders' immersion in ancient history had a profound effect upon their style of thought. They developed from the classics a suspicious cast of mind. They learned from the Greeks and Romans to fear conspiracies against that liberty. Steeped in a literature whose perpetual theme was the steady encroachment of tyranny on liberty, the founders became virtually obsessed with spotting its approach, so they might avoid the fate of their classical heroes. . . . Whatever his faults, George III was hardly Caligula or Nero; however illegitimate, the moderate British taxes were hardly equivalent to the mass executions of the emperors. But since the founders believed that the central lesson of the classics was that every illegitimate power, however small, ended in slavery, they were determined to resist such power.

The Second Amendment helps to preserve a "noble attachment to a free constitution" by teaching the people that resistance to tyranny is not "insurrection," but the command of the Constitution. Thus the ownership of firearms by modern Americans is important not just for practical reasons but for moral ones. A homeowner who never has to use his gun for self-defense still possesses something that his unarmed next-door neighbor does not: He has made the decision that he will take responsibility for defending his family. That decision has powerful moral consequences, as does the disarmed neighbor's decision to rely upon the government for his family's safety.

The character-building aspect of defensive firearms ownership is one reason why tyrants—as well as other people who believe in the supremacy of the state—are so determined to disarm as many citizens as possible. Firearms ownership not only interferes with government domination of society; it creates a population which is independent and self-reliant.

Weapons bans have deadly practical consequences. Yet the moral consequences are even worse, as our Founding Fathers learned from their study of the sad fate of the Romans.

David B. Kopel is the research director of the Independence Institute (www.i2i.org).

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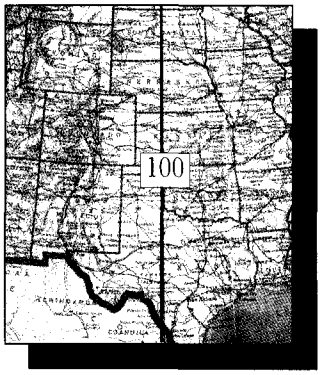
The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Friends at a Distance

Second only to prostitution, writing is the loneliest profession. Because a writer's work is wherever he happens to be, he has no real need to be anywhere; because writing is neither a team sport nor a cooperative enterprise, and because the laborious act of composition is notoriously prone to distraction, the writer normally performs his daily stint of four, five, or six hours in a state of isolation as total as he can manage. Art, Aquinas said, is a fruit of the practical intellect—like prayer, to which art is kin. Every artist, whether he knows it or not, is in some degree a religious—a monk or a nun—and his work, his cloister from which, mentally at least, he is rarely absent. Also like the religious, if he is lucky he has friends outside encouraging him—whether by prayer or some more direct and tangible means such as fan mail, including small reeking packages and boxes plastered with PERISHABLE labels.

Though Hemingway complained that any writer incautious enough to mention booze and wine in his work finds himself instantly labeled an alcoholic, my own experiments in this regard have paid off handsomely in a harvest of sin and gluttony. It was about three years ago that the first of a series of packages arrived by U.S. mail from Clyde, Kansas. Enclosed were three or four bunches of fresh garlic, painstakingly packed and artistically tied off with woolly ribbon, and a letter from one Ed Detrixhe: a Midwestern farmer with a law degree from Vanderbilt and a shared taste for garlic and pasta, in addition to red wine, bourbon, and the writings of Edward Abbey. A thank-you letter provoked an answering one from Clyde; more garlic; and, at Christmastime, a bottle of red wine produced from Mr. Detrixhe's own vineyard. The first time I phoned Ed I pronounced the name "DEH-trix-ee," followed by a giggle of self-aware ignorance. Writers, of course, are to be read, not seen or heard, but Ed Detrixhe is a patient man; also he had a glass of brandy and a cigar with him in his den. (I was drinking red wine or a dry Martini, I forget which. The Martini would account for the giggle.) Politely,



he explained that the name is "DEE-tree"—a Belgian one, though Ed is Swedish on his mother's side—then switched directly to the latest Washington atrocity, whether Janet Reno's refusal to investigate Asian campaign contributions or the 99 lives of President William Jefferson Clinton I also can't remember. (It's Tom Sheeley in Flagstaff, a classical guitarist who sent me a recording he made of Mañuel Ponce's music when I moved to New Mexico two years ago, who impersonates Maddy Albright when you answer the telephone.) We wound up the conversation an hour and several refills later, after a discussion ranging from firearms loads to the writings of Nebraska author Mari Sandoz, by sticking rhetorical pins into Sarah and Jim Brady, and a couple of days later another fragrant box was delivered to my house in Las Cruces by a postman with watery eyes, holding his nose.

In the spring Ed invited me to pay him and the family a visit at the farm. By consulting a Rand McNally road map, I estimated the distance between Las Cruces, New Mexico, and Clyde, Kansas—on the banks of the Republican River ten miles east of Concordia—at 700 to 800 miles. As I was obviously failing to establish a significantly other (or otherly significant) relationship with the Land of Enchantment, I proposed to Ed that we postpone our meeting until I could get back home to Wyoming, within a shorter striking distance of northeastern Kansas—a negligible five to six hundred miles from Laramie, I guessed, or an ordinary day's journey horseback in the American West. The actual distance, from my front door to Ed's, was 542 miles: an easy nine-hour drive on I-80 from the lower end of Third Avenue in downtown Laramie to York, Nebraska, then south a hundred miles on 81 across the Kansas-Nebraska border. The Pony Express could probably have made it in six.

Pioneers following the Platte River west had to contend with hostile Indians, rampaging buffalo herds, rattlesnakes, prairie fires, sandstorms, blizzards, lawless lawmen, and acute alcohol deprivation. Today, motorized travelers crossing the state of Nebraska between Omaha and Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, anticipate merely tedium. The mileage signs do become discouraging—Lincoln 455, Kearney 120, North Platte 148, Ogallala 198—the shortest of these distances being a far piece in less expansive regions of the country. But to say the landscape doesn't "change" over 458 miles is like claiming the Atlantic Ocean between New York City and Southhampton, England, is a dull uniformity. On this Indian summer day in late October, driving from dawn until early evening beneath the parabolic arc of the south-traveling sun, anyone who cared to look could have observed a wonderful progression of light, shadow, and texture in the Lodgepole River valley running to meet the South Platte west of Ogallala, and in the valley of the Platte on course across southern Nebraska to join the Missouri near Omaha. As the sky changed from morning yellow through noontime cobalt to the fierce ultraviolet of afternoon, the fall haze gathered in the river bottom where the braided river gleamed between golden cottonwood islands scattering leaves like weightless coins into the slow backwaters and cutoff meanders of the Platte. The Sandhills crowding down from the north went from gold to pink as the widening valley pressed them back, while south of the river the pine bluffs darkened with shadow. From the bottom of this watery geological crease the vast prairie around was hidden, its presence suggested only by the unbroken sky spreading in all directions toward an invisible horizon, but there were harvesting fields to see beneath wheeling flocks of starlings, and comfortable redbrick and clapboard towns shaded by mature cottonwoods and overshadowed by the towering grain elevators. At York, 40

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miles east of Grand Island, I turned south off the interstate onto Highway 81, headed for the Kansas border across gently rolling hills with woods growing up between them in the drainages. The highway—the northern extension of U.S. 35—was under construction, being widened from two lanes to four to accommodate enhanced truck traffic between Canada and Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, since NAFTA. For the 100 miles on to Concordia the swath of destruction, an intermittent double ribbon of concrete bordered by fresh cutbanks, chained cedar trees, and smoldering brushpiles, raced across the lovely rural heartland, otherwise good for nothing except as a butt for editorialists and nighttime TV hosts. Ed's hand-drawn map, arrived the afternoon before my departure, instructed me to turn left at Concordia's first stoplight and continue nine and a half miles to the hamlet of Ames, take a right, proceed a mile and a half to a black mailbox on the left side of the road, then right again along the gravel driveway opposite the box. Waiting to greet me on the turnaround in front of the house as I drove up were a boy and his dog, Ben and Black. You'll never find a more American welcome than that.

First meetings after months or years of formed telephonic impressions can be a shock. In this instance, Ed (wearing the Carhart overalls of the Kansas husbandman and work boots) and I (cowboy boots, snapbutton shirt, and "End of the Trail" belt buckle) simply picked up where we'd left off the evening before. He'd postponed the cocktail hour to join me in a beer, but first I had to make a tour of the premises with Ben, a precocious nine-year-old, starting with the dog run and proceeding by serpentine paths to the bass pond only a few yards from the house and another, smaller pond behind it that Ben promised was full of lunker catfish. From there we continued on to the vineyard, Ed's vegetable garden and Mari's flower beds, the Tower (a raised platform with chairs and a roof over it, cast by Ed in concrete), and the Cave (excavated from the backfill taken from the bass pond when it was dug 18 years ago), containing the fall harvest of potatoes, sweet potatoes, and garlic, Ed's reloading bench, an impressive collection of tools and machinery, and a still more impressive wine cellar. "It's a life's work," Ed said simply when I complimented him on the spread that had its beginning years ago when he acquired the land from his parents, whose own farm is not more than a couple of miles away.

"I recognize the voice!" Mari exclaimed as Ed and I entered the house by the back door. A dark-haired, willowy beauty from Minnesota, she is the daughter of a Lutheran minister and the accomplished organist at her local church—also the best cook, I was to discover, between Kansas City and Reno, Nevada—to whom Ed had artfully arranged an introduction in 1986. Seated at the granite-slab island in Mari's kitchen, the three of us killed our thirst with cold beer before Ed uncorked a bottle of Detrixhe Vineyard Red: a year younger than what he'd sent at Christmas and, if anything, even drier and more bodied.

There is no greater pleasure in life than an intimate dinner party with closest friends, one of them a Jeffersonian polymath, the other a lovely and clever woman (even if she isn't yours). Ed set the answering machine to take calls while we enjoyed Mari's pasta, two bottles of red wine, and the brilliant conversation in peace and candlelight; after the dessert (something wonderful by Mari, who is her own pastry chef and baker) the men adjourned to Ed's book- and gun-lined den for brandy, cigars, and—something wonderful I couldn't have anticipated.

I was on my second brandy and already stubbing the first cigar, my feet up in an easy chair, when I became aware of a presence I realized had been intruding on my consciousness for a good half-hour and more. "*Who* is *that*?" I asked Ed, sitting straight up in the chair, and from his gratified expression understood we'd identified yet another taste in common. Her name was—is—Andrea Marcovicci, a cabaret or torch singer performing regularly in San Francisco, Chicago, and the Algonquin Hotel's Oak Room in New York, with a pure voice, exquisite technique, and enough refined sex appeal to make the connoisseur of true womanhood shoot a bottle of Delamain brandy off the mahogany sideboard. I had to hear "Do You Miss Me?" and the old torch classic, "These Foolish Things," over and over, while Ed sat back in his chair with his feet up on the desk, grinning like a man whose ugly duckling has just won a beauty contest *and* a scholarship to Oxford—previous attempts at impressing friends with the marvel that is Marcovicci having been met by shrugs and a polite, "Oh, Ed . . . " An unabashed romantic with her heart in Piaf's and Hemingway's Paris and Dietrich's Berlin, Andrea isn't everyone's cup of tea. For me, she's a 120-pound charger from which to restore one's own romantic battery. (Awfully good to look at in her trademark black velvet dress, too.)

I spent four days with the Detrixhes, fishing in the pond before supper while the smoke of Ed's cigar mingled fragrantly with the October haze and Ben's minnow lure took the biggest bass, hotting up reloads for use on the target range Ed had made above the creek, visiting a gun show in Belleville (where at least one exhibitor confessed to quitting the gun business that the government crackdown has converted into a major legal risk), exploring the country about, talking, eating, and drinking—until Sunday morning, when Mari departed with her music for church and I got on the road for home, 542 miles and nine hours away, leaving Ed to take up his life's work again.

This was community in modern America, I thought, following the Republican River west across an endless series of hills and valleys stepping inexorably up to the still unsuspected mountains: a country of 270 million people, measuring 3,000 miles by 2,000, where you drive 542 miles to visit closest friends. I have many friends, scattered everywhere in the United States—few of the best of them, it seems, in whatever place I call home. What is needed is my own community—call it Chiltown—bringing together all my friends in a single unincorporated locale where we can shoot guns and hunt, ride horses, listen to good music, drink red wine, eat, talk, make love to beautiful and brilliant women—and they to us. Driving through Red Cloud—Willa Cather's hometown—I realized the futility of such dreams. Though Red Cloud still looks prosperous, the other towns along Route 136—Inavale, Riverton, Franklin—are merely ghosts of perished communities, the stone buildings along the thoroughfare vacant, crumbling literally into the street, people moved away to Lincoln, Omaha, Kansas City, those remaining taking their business to the malls and supermarkets of Kearney and Grand Island. A sad development in the history of American civilization, but one not entirely without hope. Behemoth can—it has—destroyed community; but only friends have the power to destroy friendship. Refusing to exercise that power is more than our last best hope; it is, as well, the ultimate revenge. c

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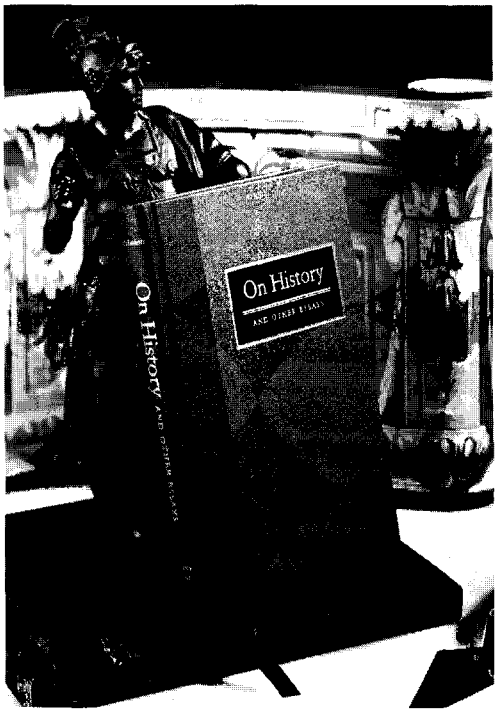

Michael Oakeshott (1901–1990) was Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics and a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He was the author of many works, including ***Rationalism in Politics and Other Essays*** and ***Hobbes on Civil Association***, both published by Liberty Fund.

Timothy Fuller is Dean of Colorado College and has published widely on the works of Michael Oakeshott.

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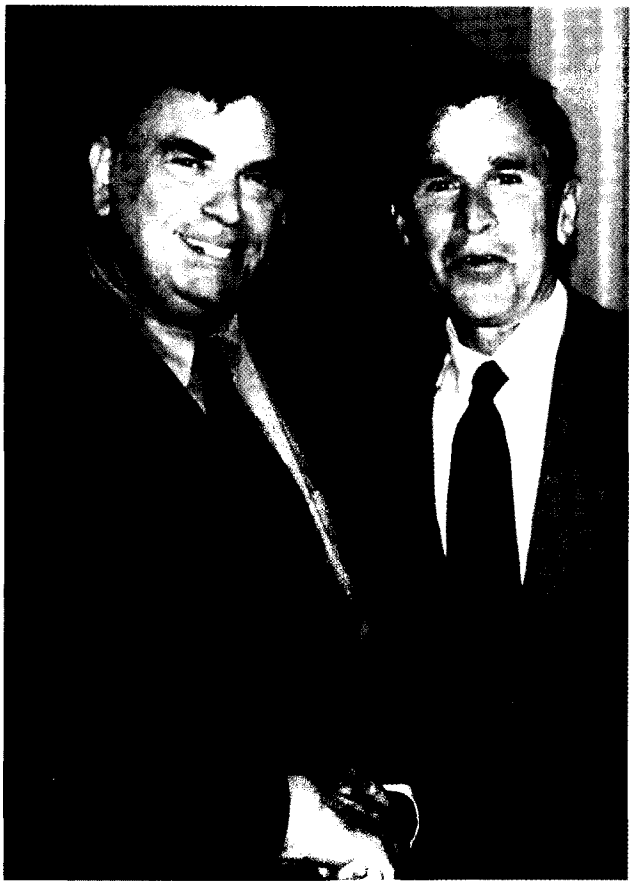

GOP Presidential Candidate George W. Bush and Constitution Party Presidential Nominee Howard Phillips discuss the Year 2000 Campaign during an October 7 conversation

CONSTITUTION PARTY PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE HOWARD PHILLIPS, married with six children and 12 grandchildren, is a native of Boston, Massachusetts who now lives with his wife, Peggy, in Fairfax County, Virginia.

Since 1974, as Chairman of The Conservative Caucus, Phillips has led national campaigns to keep America in Panama and get Red China out, to deploy a Strategic Defense Initiative, to defund the Left, and to stop socialized medicine. As Director of the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity, he fought to end Federal subsidies to left-wing activist groups promoting abortion, homosexuality and welfare rights, as well as challenges to parental authority in education and family leadership.

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Opposes Federal Funding of Education	No	Yes	
Favors Restrictions on Immigration	No	Yes	
Opposes Most-Favored Nation Status for Red China	No	Yes	
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Opposes Funding National Endowment for the Arts	No	Yes	
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Opposes Executive Branch Employment of Practicing Homosexuals	No	Yes	
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